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December 1956

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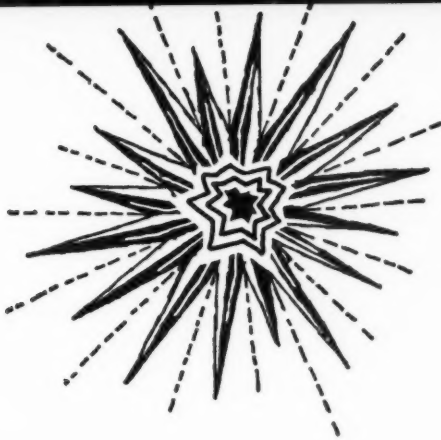
C O N T E N T S

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motice Cover Artist: Franklin Adams, graduate of Florida State University with his Master's Degree in painting, is now studying in Paris, France, on a Fulbright Scholarship.



the substitute

Archaeology in the year 4000 is lots of fun. It is work also, but the robots do all the heavy labor. Mostly, all the archaeologist has to do is to use his head. That's work enough.

In some respects, of all the diggings, the Gaza Strip on the planet Earth is the most interesting. The ancient inhabitants, called people, seem to have quarreled over that spot so much that the remnants of their strayed causes make an intriguing story. Take the recently discovered diary of the keeper of the Inn of the Thousand Stars. I would say it is approximately 2000 years old, written in the midst of the twentieth century:

I haven't anything to do but to try to keep this place open. Maybe that's not the right way to say it, for enough shells have passed through the walls to open it up on every side. I guess I mean that all I have to do is to keep the place operating.

It isn't that I can't find patrons. It is just that I can't find patrons who will pay.

The plague of this place is the refugees. Seems as if we have always been forced to shoo them away, but since the Arabs had to leave Israel they've been thicker than ants on a hot honey bar. They crowd around so that the businessmen and army officers can't even see the place.

We made out pretty well, however, until the Israeli stormed in the other day. Both Israel and Egypt shot holes through our walls, but we did not get completely wrecked, like most of the other buildings in our area. In fact, Elias Bashir claims the holes make an improvement; at least his room is now ventilated.

Mr. Bashir is quite an operator. He calls himself an importer-exporter. The refugees don't have anything better to do, so he puts them to work carving on mother-of-pearl he has shipped from New York. After they have carved Bethlehem star brooches, star of David earrings, holy family pendants and fancy rosaries, he ships them back to New York. Sometimes the refugees get paid for their work.

He stopped at the Inn of the Thousand Stars the other night, on one of his periodic visits when he intended to pick up another load of carvings. Came the invasion and the shooting. Elias hid with me and my wife in a cellar beneath the inn. We suffered no hurt.

After the shooting was over we tried to clean the place. Elias found most of his mother-of-pearl objects in good shape, so he drank wine, ate cheese, and anticipated his profits while my wife and I swept some of the rubble out of the place.

In the middle of the mess along came a refugee family. They were fleeing from Bethlehem. Anyone with sense would flee from Bethlehem, right on the border between Israel and Jordan. But why come to Gaza? It's worse.

As usual, I requested their money in advance. As usual the refugees didn't have any money. They did have a donkey the wife and baby had been riding on. Elias offered to buy the donkey for half of what it was worth. They were so done in that the man finally sold his donkey.

Elias did not really want the donkey. He had a nice station wagon he'd appropriated from some missionaries who went back to the U. S. when the shooting was anticipated. So he began to bargain. He told that refugee family that if they would make him enough brooches of sufficient quality he would give them back their donkey in exchange. They agreed, although they did seem anxious to continue their travels after resting.

I was awakened the next morning by Elias' screaming. He ran outside crying, "They've gone. I've been robbed. They went away and they took my donkey."

When we got Elias calmed down a bit we returned to his room, and at the door we found a box he had overlooked in his anguish. It was filled with carvings. Elias counted them and found ten more than he bargained for. He ceased crying and started to purr.

Most of the carvings were of the types Elias had specified. One was different, however. Instead of the miniature of the Holy Family there was a carving of the refugee family. On the back of the pendant was scratched: "He has . . . exalted those of low degree."

Elias was not happy with the substitution. He didn't think it would sell.

(ORTMAYER)

the Shepherd

Courtesy of Museum of Modern Art



Abiding in the Field

by Bernard D. N. Grebanier

Brothers, brothers, scent the air!
Though the darkness closed in fast
Winter's chill will soon be past.

Brothers, were you, too, aware
how, the olive's silver flaking,
pink of almond was awaking?

*Sleep, my lambs, and dream serene:
all the world will soon be green!*

Brothers, did you see as well
how the buds begin to ope
in the peach trees on the slope?

Has there ever, can you tell,
been a night as bright as this,
Tebeth-month—since Genesis?

*Sleep, my lambs, and dream serene:
all the world will soon be green!*

It's well the night is clear and warm.
The inn is full. I pity them
crowding yonder Bethlehem.

Streets of David's town they swarm,
come by Herod to be numbered—
every bed, they say, is cumbered.

*Sleep, my lambs, and dream serene:
all the world will soon be green!*

I am happy it is mild—
yesterday upon the road
a sad-eyed donkey bore as load

A shining woman big with child—
I'd have called for you to see,
did not, lest you laugh at me!

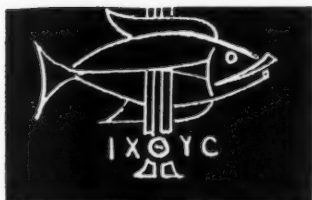
*Sleep, my lambs, and dream serene:
all the world will soon be green!*

Where she lodges with her pain
troubles all the day my head,
and I've thought how it is said

David's town will see again—
Look, look, brothers! See the light!
rushing towards us in the night!

*Sleep, my lambs, and dream serene:
all the world will soon be green!*

Hear, my brothers, hear the song!
Hear the stars take up the cry—
"Glory be to God on high!"



Hear! These stones the song prolong,
sigh, as if from woe's release—
"On the earth let there be peace!"

See! the singing angels throng!
Let us sing the holy measure—
"To goodly men let there be pleasure!"

*Sleep, my lambs, and dream serene:
all the world will soon be green!*

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INCARNATION

BY W.A. SPURRIER



Ben Shahn

Courtesy, Museum of Modern Art

WOULDNT you know it? "The Significance of the Incarnation"—a typical theologian's title! That's the trouble with these long-haired professors—always using big words. Why don't they tell us something in clear language, and give us something practical to live by?

OK, let's do that and see how far we can get by being practical. Let's assume that those who read *motive* have at least some sincere religious interest, that they want to have a practical and relevant religion. So our job here is to see if we can describe simply and clearly a practical faith which is livable.

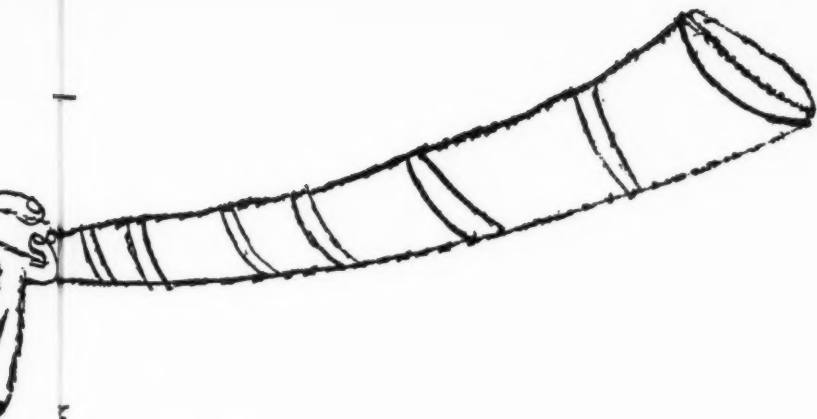
Let's begin with Jesus the founder of Christianity. The most clear and practical approach would seem to be to point out that the teachings of Jesus were, after all, quite simple. In a number of different ways he said, "Love God and love man." In addition, he said that there was a God who was almighty, ever-present, and vast, but also righteous and loving, and that his Kingdom is the power of love and jus-

tice. And that covers just about the heart of Jesus' teachings. Love, righteousness, justice, mercy, truth—all pretty clear and simple? 'Nuff said? End of article?

If one thinks slogans, clichés and vague ideals are practical and sufficient, then one can stop reading here. But if one suspects that such statements as "love is better than hate, justice better than injustice," are not practical enough, let's go on. At least two difficulties arise when one studies the teachings of Jesus, or any great man.

First, what is the meaning of the word "love"? What kind of love does one mean? There are many kinds: family love, self-love, love of country, egoistical love, altruistic love. Jesus spent most of his time trying to define, explain and exemplify the kind of love he meant. And the nearest set of adjectives we can find to describe his love is: spontaneous, sacrificial, forgiving, understanding, non-egoistic, outgoing, and sharing. This is a pretty high type of love—"praying for those who persecute you," really trying to

motive



"love one's enemies," not seeking rewards and returns for affection. And so this leads to the second difficulty.

IF one takes this highest type seriously, he knows that he cannot fulfill it. Anyone who is rigorously honest with himself knows that he does *not* love God with *all* his heart and mind and soul. He knows that he does *not* really spend time praying for his enemies; he knows he does not really seek to forgive a foe, a rival, a critic. We know we seek rewards and ego-satisfactions for our offerings. We do not continue to dearly love a person who snubs or rejects us. And who of us really believes that turning the other cheek is practical—either in personal or political life? "Love God, love man"—a noble ideal, but who is capable of it or really believes it is practical?

When we come across these two difficulties, we usually do one of two things. First, we may hold on to the noble slogans and imagine that because we *say* them, we *do* them. This is clearly hypocrisy. Or, second, we usually abandon the high ideal somewhat regretfully, and adopt a lower, "more realistic" slogan, such as "enlightened self-interest." We justify this abandonment by saying, "The world is a tough place and people are out for all they can get. A person has to get along in life. I wish love worked, but it doesn't, so—we have to be prac-

tical and relevant." Thereby, the ideal of love is given up, and we live on in the endless competitive struggle of warring egos, each claiming that he is the enlightened one, and of course, the most practical one. In short, the simple ideal of love isn't so simple and practical after all.

Well, let's see if there is anything practical in the Incarnation. Incarnate means literally "present in." In the Christian faith, Incarnation means,

Secondly, they did not know for sure that it was practical to be good. Even if one was able to achieve the Good, would it pay off? Put another way, they did not know whether Good or Evil won out in life. It may be hard for us modern Americans, living in a lush land of wealth and comfort, to understand the impressive history of evil and tragedy. But in most areas of the world then and now, you can make out a pretty good case for the



"God was present in Christ." What is so significant about that, if it was true? Before and at the time of Christ, men knew that love was better than hate, justice better than injustice. But two things they did *not* know. First, like us, they did not know how to love as they ought to love. Like us, they were irritated at their enemies and they loved their own interests more than other people's interests. Like us, they did not know how to overcome egoistic drives, desires and pride. Like us, they knew the Good but did not know how to achieve the Good.

triumph of evil over good. All ancient civilizations and nations have perished in blood or decay. Many noble ideals have been shattered. In personal life, the expectancy of existence averaged thirty-five years, and most lives were a record of defeated plans, frustrated hopes and broken ideals. So again, the insistent question, "How do you know that the good wins out?" There is a terrific amount of evidence to say that it does *not* win out.

SO, the significance of the Incarnation is the affirmation that God en-

tered history in the person of Jesus, in his birth, life, teachings, death and resurrection. By this mighty act, God shows mankind that though evil and death are powerful and real, they are not the final realities; life and love are. The good news of God in Christ is that the Good does finally win out, that though evil and death often triumph, they never finally triumph. Many good things are crucified in life, but they are raised up. One has to kill his egoism in order to have the power-to-love raised up. One has to sacrifice in order to get. One has to surrender and crucify pride, in order to have integrity and genuineness raised up. This is the clue to the mystery of life.

Men had intimations that there is a kind of dying in order to live, but they were not sure. God, out of his love for mankind, disclosed himself in this

special way to show man this clue, to show us the nature of love, that this is the most real thing in the world, and to show us how we may be given this power.

This mighty act of God in Christ thereby has two relevant and practical effects. First, God's act in Christ tells me that what makes the world go around is not some blind inexorable "oomph" that is indifferent to man. The nature of ultimate reality is love; it cares for man. Therefore life makes sense, wonderful sense. The very nature of life is therefore to love.

Secondly, God's act in Christ tells me that love is not an impossibly high ideal to be wistfully discarded. God's act in Christ tells me that this divine love is available, that under certain conditions described by Jesus, this

power to love is available to all men. I do not have it naturally, but I can be given it. And I know that in the midst of all the struggle and strife I have with my ego, my pride, some of my desires, my hates and frustrations and anxieties, that what I want and need the most is love. I know how important are friendship, acceptance, economic status, peace, freedom, Freud and Kinsey. But I know that what is most pressing and practical is the power to love and to be loved. This is the most real reality in life. This is the Christian Good News—the Incarnation—that "God so loved the world" that he became present in Christ, "that we might have life and have it abundantly." He who understands this knows the real joy of "Merry Christmas."



HARVEST (A sonnet)

The thresher clanking ceases, the last straw
Sails out upon the air to top the stack.
The grain is separated, sock on sack
Of it, from chaff. Pale stubble stands up row
In clay of the adjoining field. Teams draw
Gray wagons creaking with the pure weight back
To the blood barn. Drivers guide them (reigns slack)
Without a hitch or pain by "GEE" and "HAW."

Farmboys astride the load suddenly stop
By "WOE," in awe, as they ride over the
threshold on the heavy yield of wheat crop
And see flesh hold Godhead in infancy
Of Jesus, whom the slim girl nurses in
Cowstanchion, The man rests on the feed bin.

—BY TONY STONEBURNER

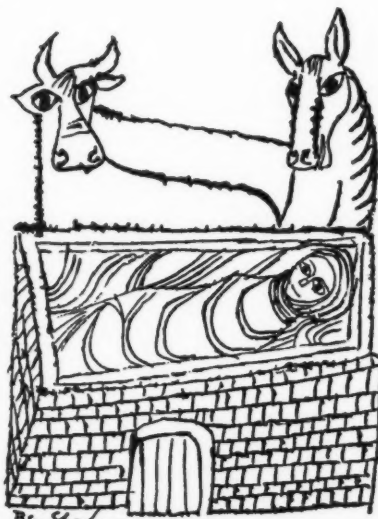
THE HOLIDAY (A sonnet)

The wooden bowl of English Walnuts had
Been sent around the circle at the table.
The centerpieces were long-cabin stable
And prop-up wire-frame shepherds, burlap clad.

These knelt before an infant: the Eternal.
The cut-out boy slept in a cotton-packed
Match-box bed. Hands contracted; iron cracked
The round hard wrinkled hull. Hands picked the kernel.

Grandfather, in a solo, celebrated
How sweetness in the bitter shell is shut:
How every element in the whole world
(earth, water, air, and fire) through stem is hurled
Into green rind as sap, combined of what
Through the long seasons has disintegrated.

—BY TONY STONEBURNER



Courtesy Museum of Modern Art, N. Y., N. Y.

We start from the place we stop. The spot where we stop to rest is the beginning of the next journey.

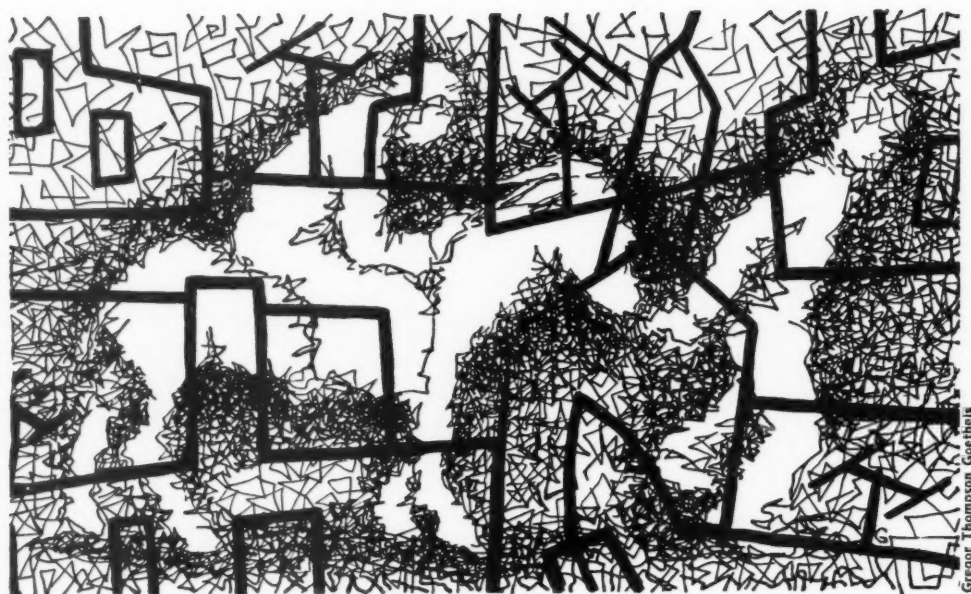
We pause, and then we are off on our travels . . . and it seems we cannot get an A.B. these days without a seminar in Europe, or at least Washington.

This has always been an exciting world to travel—this green, brown, black, red planet of ours. Never more so than now. So we come to you with a special:

STUDENT TRAVEL



December 1956



PART OF A MOVEMENT MOVING

by Richard T. Baker

IT may seem profane, but it is literally true that the day Jesus was born his mother and father were living out of a suitcase. The record states that an imperial decree governing taxation had been proclaimed and every householder was required to appear for registration in the base city of his tribal name.

Joseph the carpenter, who had come to live in Nazareth, a city of Galilee, was required by the decree to travel to his family place, the capital of Judaea, unto the city of David which is called Bethlehem. With him went his wife, and there on a crisp December night in a makeshift room away from home Mary, the mother of God, brought forth her first-born child. And his name was called Jesus.

Not long after the Christchild's birth, the record goes on, the oppression of a tyrannical king forced Joseph and Mary to take their youngster and

flee into Egypt. Delivered of that oppression, they returned and for a few fleeting years were able to settle themselves in Nazareth, conduct their affairs and live a fairly familial life.

There was a restless motion to the life of Jesus, however. He traveled the hillsides and valleys. The familiar pictures of him were on mountaintops and in the fields, going about doing good. He went up to Jerusalem, into Samaria, into Galilee. It was said that, unlike the foxes with their lairs, he had not a place to lay his head. When he summoned his disciples before him for instruction, it was traveling orders that he gave. "Go," he kept saying. "Move about. Abide only briefly in one place, and then go thence."

When he told a story, it was of a man on a road, a traveler, beset by the ills that come to a stranger in a land, comforted by another who was likewise an alien.

Finally, in his great commission to his followers, the ascended Lord challenged them to even wider travels: "Go! Teach all nations!"

They took the challenge seriously. Philip chased a chariot on a road outside Jerusalem to convert an Ethiopian and found the Coptic church. The early verses of the book of the Acts of the Apostles are astir with the words of movement—went, traveled, visited. These early Christian traveling men were promised power of the Holy Spirit to be witnesses for their Lord in Jerusalem and all Judaea, in Samaria, and to the uttermost part of the earth.

There can be no doubt whatsoever that Christianity began as a traveling religion. It was a movement—notice the noun—mobile, active, alive.

IT was on a road that the spirit spoke to Saul of Tarsus, and it was on a road

that he witnessed for the Christ that dwelt within him. Few could match the suitcase life that St. Paul led. Even today, the network of St. Paul's travels on a primitive map makes most of us look like homebodies. Missionary Christianity moved like a highway across the Mediterranean world. How did it get to Africa? Who shall account for the Thomist church of India? Who planted seeds in Byzantium? And assailed the citadel of empire in Rome?

It is not too much to say that within a lifetime—let's be specific, St. Paul's lifetime—the word of Jesus had been spread like a burning flame through the travelable world. It was literally true—"moved" by the Holy Spirit meant "moved." Boniface, Xavier, Augustine, Charlemagne, Francis, and later Luther, Calvin, Huss, Wesley, Carey and Livingstone, were nomads for Jesus. None had a sharply defined home. Theirs was not a message with a base, a capital, a geographical root. It was a movement moving.

There is a usage among Methodists that clearly defines this restlessness of the faith. From early days a Methodist minister in active pursuit of his vocation has been said to be "in the itineracy." A Methodist minister no longer practicing his vocation is said to be "located." A "local preacher" is one not entirely dedicated to his task, a beginner, a shoemaker or schoolteacher who preaches or ministers on the side.

Notice these word usages. They hold over from an earlier day when a fully fledged Methodist minister was a circuit rider, a moving figure, a servant upon call to go anywhere. Most of them were young. Most on horseback. They were "itinerant" preachers, and thus we still speak of them as "in the itineracy," subject to deployment to needy places. When they aged, or family claims loomed larger, they left their horses and settled down to plough a furrow, plant and reap a crop. They "located," as the saying goes, and as it still persists in Methodist nomenclature.

Americans are a singularly mobile tribe. We still have a Boston Post Road, and every state has a marker or two to line a route that once rang

with the beat of horses' hooves along a "military road." The St. Lawrence, the Mohawk, the Mississippi, Ohio and Missouri, the Columbia chisel their way into the continent's heart, gash the mountains, make a path for moving, restless people. Trails marked Santa Fe and Oregon and Overland awaken wanderlust even today. More than in any other comparable space, in any other comparable time, America has laced its land with railroads, highways, airlines.

CAUSE or effect? Did the canals and roads and railroads make the movement? Or did the moving spirit of the people make the routes? Mobility is a national trait. Billions are being spent year after year on concreting the surface of our land to expedite and speed our movement. Families move as easily from Heidelberg in Germany to San Antonio in Texas as they do from room to room. The luggage business prospers.

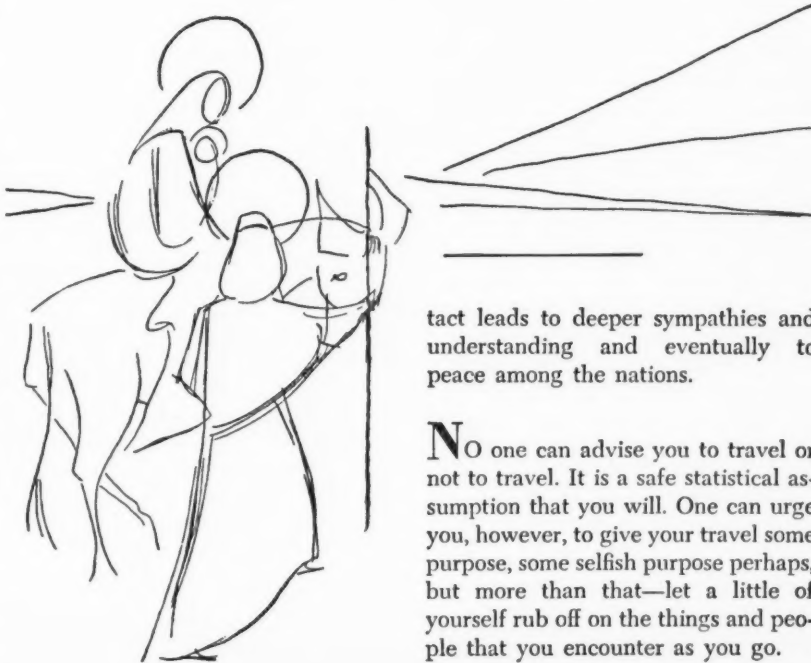
What for all this flux and movement? That's a question you must answer. Travel is in our nature. "Let's go!" is a familiar idiom. Movement becomes us. The snapshot of America is a blur.

Is it only restlessness? Does it

demonstrate more of the volatility that is said to make us undependable in international relations? Is it adolescent? Are we a people who can't sit still? Does the movement stem from insecurity? Are we so fluid that we risk the loss of roots, of origins, of character?

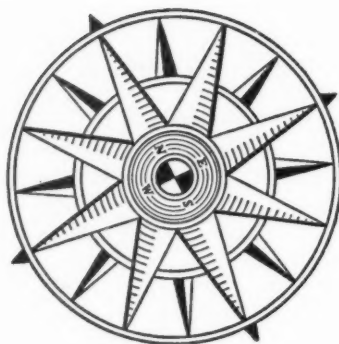
These are the questions that loom when one looks at travel and when one tries to make up his mind as to what kind of role it shall play in his life. Travel should be purposive. To the biblical Christians, it was for a missionary object. For an extroverted, outgoing, sharing people, the missionary kind of travel is still not dead among us.

There are other objects. Travel is broadening, the old saying goes. It adds a dimension of culture to one's life that is supposed to be fashionable and *de rigueur*. In Charles Wilson's classic phrase, there is a kind of "bird-dog" purpose in travel. It can lead to betterment of one's economic lot. There are other persons who seriously want to move about to understand the people with whom they are having to share life on this earth. They like to peek behind the curtains, to learn the ways of other people's living, to ask questions and hear answers, in the belief that such person-to-person con-



tact leads to deeper sympathies and understanding and eventually to peace among the nations.

NO one can advise you to travel or not to travel. It is a safe statistical assumption that you will. One can urge you, however, to give your travel some purpose, some selfish purpose perhaps, but more than that—let a little of yourself rub off on the things and people that you encounter as you go.



THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELER

by Harold A. Ehrensperger

THE STARTING PLACE

Home is where one starts from.

—T. S. Eliot

Home is the accumulation of all that has given foundation to your life. It is the place and condition of living which is held together by love—the abiding place of the affections, one's dwelling place, the place of those who live together.

One always starts from home, no matter where he goes. One always takes much of home with him, no matter how light the luggage. You can't pack it, it is just part of your weight. Sometimes it is so heavy, you can't really travel; sometimes it causes you to stumble, never get off the ground, never really live with anyone else. You are not worth anything as a traveler unless you have a dwelling place, a place of the affections. Your time away from home will be valuable only as your belonging sense at home is valuable.

THE UNPACKED LUGGAGE

Personality, character, physical make-up, experience, are the unpacked luggage with which each traveler starts. All previous experience is brought to bear, everything a person

has been goes with him on a trip. All he knows of men, of history, of philosophy, religion and art is needed at the moment of experience in travel. This is why travel is both exhilarating and exhausting—it requires the whole person, made up of all that a man has been to respond to what he experiences.

To lose the earth you know, for greater knowing;

To lose the life you have, for greater life.

—Thomas Wolfe

PASSPORTS TO WORTH-WHILE ADVENTURE Responsiveness

*... 'twill come when it will come
The readiness is all.*

—Shakespeare

The good traveler is one who is ready. Readiness means being constantly on the alert, awake to every opportunity, eager for any experience. It means a capacity to be ready for change, and therefore for growth.

Relatedness

Man's spirit is concerned with the significance that relates objects one to

the other. Nothing is strange to God. Be big enough to be related. Part of the thrill of new places, new people, new experiences is to find the underlying relatedness.

*The world stands out on either side,
No wider than the heart is wide.*

—Edna St. Vincent Millay

The scientific world is characterized by detachment. Religious belonging is characterized by *responsive attachment*. All things work together for those who love God.

Concern

Being religious is being unconditionally concerned.

—Paul Tillich

Travel requires concern that makes all experience have values and meaning. To see and hear and not be concerned is to stay at the home of the casual and the meaningless. It indicates a waste of time and money to move about. Concern puts depth into responsiveness and relatedness—it is a religious dimension of travel.

Expectancy

The traveler needs to be "wooed daily by expectancy." He must have great expectations. His disappointments will not come in the failure of things to live up to what he had expected even though he must be prepared for this. Expectancy is the antenna of travel. Without expectancy travel is drab and as dull as life without hope.

Expect—but be not anxious over tomorrow. Sufficient unto the day is the experience thereof.

Reaction

An immediate response to beauty, to ugliness, to the pain and pleasure of life often may not be expressed. It can be "recollected in tranquillity" when it will "flash on the inward eye" and be the "bliss of solitude." Register reaction—take time to react. Be sure when the reaction is expressed. Your off-the-cuff remarks may not be understood as superficial. Judgments need to be considered.

motive

Look long, react slowly, but react! Memory is the accumulation of reactions that have registered effectively.

Curiosity

Travel is education. To understand what one sees is to have a sense of it, a feeling for it. Learn to observe, see more than meets the eye. Hear by learning to listen.

Listen or thy tongue will keep thee deaf.

—American Indian

If therefore ye are intent upon wisdom, a lamp will not be wanting and a shepherd will not fail, and a fountain will not dry up.

—Anonymous

To be intelligently curious is to possess one of the greatest assets of effective living. To know what to be curious about is the sign of good breeding.

Accommodation

All our lives long, every day and every hour, we are engaged in the process of accommodating our changed and unchanged selves to changed and unchanged surroundings; living, in fact, is nothing else than this process of accommodation; when we fail in it a little, we are stupid; when we fail flagrantly we are mad, when we suspend it temporarily we sleep, when we give up the attempt altogether we die.

—Samuel Butler in *The Way of all Flesh*

The Christian traveler knows what to accommodate himself to. He is not fretful because he finds unfamiliar difference. He accommodates himself to what he finds when what he finds is the accommodation of those he goes to visit. With Tennyson he can say: "I am a part of all that I have met."

Persons yielded in interest to places; and having chosen a place for the time being, I lived as best I could with the human souls that inhabited it. Not at all in bitterness; not with any painful sense of disappointment. My old age judges more charitably and thinks bet-

ter of man—kinder than my youth ever did. I discount idealization, I forget onesidedness, I see it is essential to perfection of any kind. And in each person I catch the fleeting suggestion of something beautiful, and swear eternal friendship with that.

—George Santayana in *The Middle Span*

Representation

A traveler is his own identification paper—what he represents needs no catalogue. He is his own sample because his contact may be so brief. To get well acquainted is dangerous unless the substance of what you are is genuine. Every man is a missionary of his race, his country, his religion. You may be the only remembered example of your religion activated at a time of crisis, or in the common affairs of everyday life. Men may well remember what you represent long after they have forgotten what you are as a person. Representation without realization is false and it will soon be found out.

Prayer Before Travel

Self-ignorant, I know

Nor what I am, nor whither go:

Thou knowest me with perfect knowing,

both what I am and whither going.

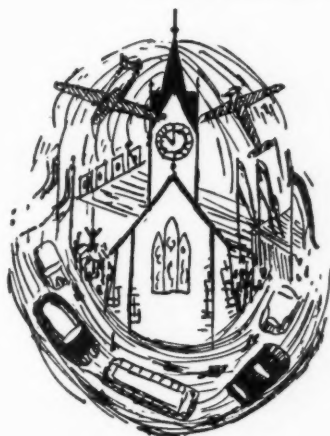
Lead me in the Everlasting way.

—Paraphrase from Psalm 139.

The Command to Travel

If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

—Jesus of Nazareth



SEEING THROUGH SERVICE EYES

When you travel, be sure to visit the mission stations of your church overseas and in the U.S.A.

If you are traveling in the U.S.A., why not order *A Trip With a Mission* for 50 cents from the Literature Headquarters of the Woman's Division of Christian Service, 7820 Reading Road, Cincinnati 37, Ohio? This map shows the location of home mission work such as schools, hospitals, and rural centers sponsored by The Methodist Church. Those planning trips may see these projects on their route of travel. Some conference groups are arranging tours for students to visit these projects and see firsthand the work of the church. Of course, you would write ahead to be sure it is convenient to have someone explain the work being done.

A *Directory of Methodist Missions Overseas* was compiled for use of service men and women who are often in the neighborhood of the work of their church and don't know it. It is free and may be ordered from the Board of Missions of The Methodist Church, Editorial Department, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York. It lists the place of the mission and the type of work (agricultural, medical, educational, etc.) in Africa, Europe, Latin America, East and Southeast Asia, India, Nepal, Pakistan, etc.

Travel would be greatly enhanced for the tourist if contact was made with the missionaries who live with the people, and could give you insights gained in no other way.

A large colored wall map, entitled *World Mission of The Methodist Church*, is available for \$1 from the Editorial Department of Board of Missions, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y. The colored maps entitled *Makers of the U.S.A.* (\$1) or the *Map of the World* (\$2) may be purchased from Friendship Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

You may broaden your horizons by the use of maps, and make real the world missions of the church as the places and people represented on the map become real to you. Imaginary trips may be helpful for your student group as a means of learning about the world in which we live. Write the Student Department of the Board of Missions for further suggestions of ways you can make missions come alive on your campus.

—Dorothy Nyland

December 1956

There is a small group of people, numbering but a few thousand, who live their lives in airplanes and feel at home on all continents. Among them are the staff members of the World Council of Churches. Interpreting their travels, Betty Thompson begins in a Budapest night club.

is this trip NECESSARY?

by Betty Thompson

IN Budapest, noted for its cafés and coffee houses, a group of Hungarian students sat one hot August night last summer with three American visitors and listened to American jazz and discussed Hemingway and Faulkner.

The Americans were all members of the Information Department of the World Council of Churches. We were in the courtyard of a downtown Budapest night club where a drummer, a pianist, and a trumpet player constituted the band. How did their version of "Muskrat Ramble" compare with what we had heard in America, did the women look well dressed to us, what about the singer? As they drummed accompaniment to the music, they fired a barrage of questions at us.

Our contacts with university life in this communist country were confined to a group of theological students whose intelligence, loyalty to their Christian beliefs, interest in what was going on outside their country, and command of English put us to shame. The type of music we were hearing, they told us, had been outlawed in Hungary until just two years before. "But now there is more free air."

I asked one of the students, who was particularly interested in modern literature, to give me a list of Hungarian poets and novelists whom he considered the country's best writers. In a battered little blue notebook I have the names as he wrote them for me. Recently I read a news report on the reinstatement of several Hungarian writers who had been previously condemned by the government and saw that several were ones mentioned by my Hungarian friend. "More free air."

We had been in Hungary to attend the meeting of the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches. The students had been mobilized to help us. One of them took particular delight in his job which was to assist our World Council photographer, John Taylor, as a driver. The Ford ranch wagon which we had driven across the border from Austria caused comment and a cluster of viewers everywhere we stopped. Yasha, who was known to his friends as "the mechanical one," quickly became acquainted with it, including what was below the hood.

Putting a new Ford on display in Moscow or sending Louis Armstrong out as cultural ambassador may be ways of interesting people behind the "Iron Curtain" in what is going on beyond their borders, but we found that to Christians the knowledge that those in countries other than their own were thinking of them and praying for them was more important. We found that true in our conversations with the Hungarian students even when

the talk centered on other things. The very fact that we were there and that we were fellow Christians meant much to them beyond our mutual curiosity about each other as people living under differing political systems. We experienced this in the crowded churches of that country over and over again. The observation is facile, but the fact was overpowering.

Along with congressional investigators, movie stars, and airborne diplomats, church representatives may look to the average newspaper reader like champion globe-trotters. The recent two-way exchange of visits between Russian and American churchmen and the numerous trips to such little-visited countries as China, Hungary, and Poland by ecumenical visitors may have fostered this impression.

Perhaps the old war-time expression, "Is this trip necessary?" comes to many minds when news about the roaming churchmen appears. Some Roman Catholic papers lashed out at the World Council for holding a meeting in Hungary. One of the American mass circulation weeklies labeled the Council's general secretary, Dr. W. A. Visser 't Hooft, as "the churches' principal champion of coexistence." And a former World Council president said the meeting would not have been justifiable had not Lutheran Bishop Lajos Ordass, condemned by the communist government and even the Hungarian Lutheran Church, been rehabilitated.

The purpose behind all these visits is certainly not to make headlines nor to give travel-weary ecumenical leaders one more excuse for making a trip. The motivation is the sincerely held conviction that the church must transcend all divisions, whether they be ideological, political, racial, or other, and bring Christians face to face in encounter. With civilization imperiled by threats of hydrogen bombs and other nightmare weapons, the need for Christians to unite beyond man-made barriers is imperative.

There is a small group of perhaps not more than several thousand people who live their lives in airplanes and feel themselves at home on all continents, according to Dr. Visser 't Hooft, himself one of the world's great travelers.

But there is a wide and dangerous gap between the experiences of this small corps of international travelers who feel natural and uninhibited in all parts of the world, and the millions who have never taken an airplane in their lives.

"A little travel often works against a truly international outlook. Such travel can make you aware of your differ-

motive

ences without giving you time to know other people," he says, and quotes Chesterton's little four-line poem about the English woman who loved the Eskimos but was appalled by the French whom she had visited.

One piece of advice the World Council's foremost traveler offers to American visitors abroad concerns church attendance.

"Have a sufficient sense of the universality of the church to realize that your first normal contact with other countries is with the Christians of that country and don't flock to the nearest American or English-speaking church. By attending church with the Christians in a country you will sense a real relationship with the people even if you do not understand a word of what is being said. And you will fulfill your real function and duty as ambassadors. St. Paul said that no church was strange to him and those who worship in different lands and in different languages experience this sense of the oneness of the Church of Christ."

Greatest handicap to the Anglo-Saxon traveler is the fact that so many people of the world speak his language and he is not forced to learn the languages of other countries. "To really understand other countries, you must be able to speak their language, to appreciate their culture, their literature. Running around the world with just English cuts one off from these wonderful treasures," says Dr. Visser 't Hooft.

A formidable linguist himself, this Dutchman says that if America is to exercise its role of leadership in the world, it must produce a generation which knows languages other than English. "In speaking to a man in a language other than his own, you always get a certain caricature of the person. You can't begin to understand a man until you talk to him in his own tongue. Then he will really share with you. My best experiences have been in those countries where simply because I have been able to speak the language, they have forgotten that I am a foreigner and accepted me as one of them."

What about the younger generation of ecumenical travelers? Is this ability to be at home abroad limited only to the top echelon of church leaders mature in years and experience? Dr. Visser 't Hooft says that there is a new "ecumenical" generation being trained through work camps, the student Christian movements, exchange of fraternal workers—especially young laymen—and

through such places as the World Council's own Ecumenical Institute at Bossey, Switzerland.

Philip Potter, of the World Council's Youth Department, is one of the new generations of ecumenical travelers. This dynamic young West Indian captivated Asian audiences on his tour last winter. One of his older colleagues said audiences after experiencing Potter's charm, vigor, and intellect—and the very fact of his dark color—were not much interested in the older members of the ecumenical group. "It's not easy to follow after Philip as a speaker," he confessed.

One of the World Council of Churches' peripatetic staff is Dr. Leslie E. Cooke of Great Britain. As an associate general secretary and director of the vast work of the Division of Inter-Church Aid and Service to Refugees, he too has been in Asia recently.

The contrast between what the tourist sees and what the churchman has the opportunity to see is pointed up in a recent talk he made over the British Broadcasting Corporation. He tells of being in the Terminal Building of the Dum Airport, Calcutta.

"It was about two o'clock in the morning and I was waiting for a plane to Singapore. There were only a few of us and I found myself in conversation with two other people. One was a businessman and the other a woman returning to New Zealand after a world tour. We had a cup of tea together and began talking about India.

"The businessman lived in North India, but he was excited at the prospect of his three-month leave, and he was traveling to Australia to be married. He spoke affectionately of India in spite of the difficulties he was encountering in his business.

"The woman was enthusiastic about India and Calcutta for quite different reasons. She had just completed a two-week stay in Calcutta and had had a good time. She spoke of successful visits to the race course, of her shopping expeditions, and the parties she had been to.

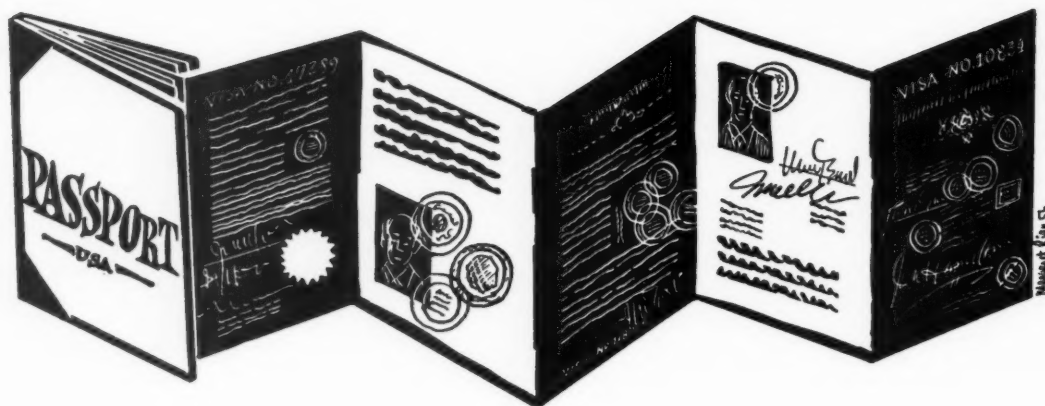
"I'm afraid I was in rather a sombre mood, not because of the early hour but because I could not get out of my mind some of the pictures of misery and suffering which I had seen in India and especially Calcutta.

What had Dr. Cooke as a church visitor seen that the others had not? "I had driven some thirty miles north of Calcutta to a refugee camp where daily Hindu refugees have been coming on their journey south from East Pakistan. I had been visiting in the homes of Anglo Indians for whom modern Indian society has little place and who are often living in conditions of squalid poverty. My most memorable morning had been in the company of an Indian pastor and a British Baptist woman missionary who had taken me to visit the places—they could hardly be called homes—where refugees, many of them Christians, had found lodging in the alleyways and courts of Calcutta.

"This woman missionary had been at work in India for more than thirty years. Her home was in Wales and as we made our way from one filthy alley to another in the sweltering heat we talked now and then about her home land. She wore a sari and sandals for these symbols of identification with the people, she said, helped her in her work. Wherever we went the people knew her and she knew them. Children would run to greet her and the women came smiling to the doors of the hovels which for them were homes. That morning we called on fourteen families. These families were liv-

(Continued on page 29)





the man with the accordion **P A S S P O R T**

by Richard W. Cortwright

AN Ambassador of the United States recently wrote: "Thank you again for the inspiration and stimulation you provided us by your brief visit here. May God's blessings continue to be with you as you travel about making your significant contributions to the lives of individuals and whole peoples."

The Ambassador was writing about one of the most-traveled men of our time, a man who makes travel count—Dr. Frank C. Laubach, minister to people, educator of the masses, advisor to governments, and world traveler extraordinary. Dr. Laubach has not only traveled to, but he has also worked in more than eighty countries, with two hundred fifty languages in these countries. He is the traveling apostle to the illiterates.

On my last voyage with Dr. Laubach this year, I learned the meaning of the words: *Life is meeting*.

Life was meeting for us in Lahore, Kipling's city in West Pakistan. April 22nd was a typical day in Lahore:

Breakfast staff meeting at Forman Christian College, 6:45 a.m.; chapel at Forman Christian College, 8 a.m.; meeting with the Minister of Education of the Province of West Pakistan in his home along the canal, 8:30 a.m.; meeting with the Undersecretary of Education in his home not far from Kim's Cannon, 10 a.m.; meeting with the leading publisher of Pakistan and a member of the United Nations Commission on Human Rights at his home near The Mall, 11 a.m.; meeting with the Director of the Village Agricultural and Industrial Development (VAID) of the Punjab in his home near the Grand Trunk Road, 12 noon; lunch meeting with members of Forman Christian College, 1 p.m.; meeting with the Minister of Social Welfare for West Pakistan in his home on the other side of the refugee colony, 3 p.m.; meeting with the local director of VAID in his home near the railway station (the one used in "Bhowani Junction"), 5 p.m.; dinner meeting with "Point Four" officers in Pakistan, 8 p.m.

It was a day of meeting people. That is the kind of

schedule which Dr. Laubach likes. Perhaps more important than all the fine sermons or all the valuable literacy charts which he produces is the profound effect he has on people whom he meets.

Soon after our Ethiopian Airlines Convair landed high on the 8,000-foot plateau which surrounds Addis Ababa, we met the Community Education Advisor for "Point Four." He said it was because of the inspiration given to him by Dr. Laubach that he and his wife left retirement and sought work in which they could render service abroad. They had done well the work they had chosen to do in Africa. As a result he had been appointed Chief Point Four Educationist in Nepal.

WE met the dynamic YMCA secretary who had built the first public-financed building in Addis Ababa. He told us how he had been inspired by Dr. Laubach's booklet, *The Game With Minutes*, which was written to provide a way to redeem the time lost while waiting in train stations, bus depots, and airline terminals. *The Game* suggested a way to pray for others in those minutes when we merely wait. The YMCA secretary said he had been trying to practice "the game" throughout the day.

The man who provokes these changes in lives carries a passport that looks like an accordion. So many extra pages have been pasted in the green book by consular officers that it spreads apart.

This year in Madrid we stopped at the skyscraper-like American Embassy. The Consular Officer in Madrid pasted another sheaf of blank pages in our thick passports, saying, "I'd like to go to some of those places visaed in your passports."

After my wife and I returned from a globe-circling voyage in 1955, American students said to us: "How can we get a job like that? We'd like to travel and go places."

But to Frank Laubach traveling means responsibility. Minutes after our Constellation had landed in Bangkok,

motive

a note was handed to Dr. Laubach from Mr. Charun, an old Thai friend. He was there to meet us at 3 o'clock in the morning!

Life was meeting. What can you say in appreciation to a Thai host when he is so gracious? That was our responsibility while we drove twelve miles over fertile soil, the heart of the rice granary of Southeast Asia. In their soft, modulated voices, Mr. Charun and his companion made us know they wanted us in Thailand; and we knew they meant it.

In February we walked into the UNESCO office in Tripoli and met the smiling director, M. M. Hasain of India. We soon discovered why this foreigner had been chosen to lead a staff of Arabic-speaking Near Easterners in Libya.

With his wife and five children in Tripoli and England, Mr. Hasain had spent two grueling years in the deserts of the Fezzan among Tuargg nomads. He roamed in a jeep, slept on the sand, and subsisted on their rough food. He met them, became their friend, and helped them.

Later at an Italian *ristorante* in Tripoli, Mrs. Hasain told us how her husband had done anthropological field work in central India, and had made literacy books for the tribal Gond people following Dr. Laubach's method. She said it was the highest privilege for them both to meet Dr. Laubach in Libya. Our hearts melted in joy and in the commonness of work.

BACK and forth across this shrinking planet the camels, the lorries, the stratocruisers, the canoes, the motorcycles, the elephants, the helicopters, the river launches, the Piper Cubs have propelled the Laubachs forward to high adventure and hard, hard work.

Before World War I they traveled to the Bahamas. I wonder if they imagined that this, their first trip, would be the first in a lifelong pilgrimage of service. I wonder if the glimmer was already born in their minds that they would one day miraculously open blind, illiterate eyes.

In 1959 we will be flying to Paris in about eight hours. A billion illiterates will be jet-miles nearer. The Conestoga covered-wagon consciousness will disappear along with flintlocks and handset type. The world will know the reality that the world is in flux; not the falseness of impermanence, but the truth of people permanently moving closer in their understanding and appreciation of each other. It will be a world where all sorts and conditions of Christians may make all sorts and conditions of voyages.

In Rangoon this spring I was humming: "On the road to Mandalay where the . . ."

"You know Kipling must not have gone up to Mandalay." A Burmese literacy friend stopped me.

"How come?"

"Well, there aren't any flying fishes in the Irrawaddy, and China is hardly across the bay from Mandalay."

"But when you hear a good baritone singing it you want to travel, don't you? It makes travel seem romantic, doesn't it?"

Yes, that's when you have sand in your shoes, the mys-

December 1956

tery of Borobudur or Angkor Wat stirs your imagination, the majesty of the Taj makes you smile with satisfaction, and the shadow of the Pyramid falls over Gizeh at dusk and . . .

But you know what pulls even harder. It's the heart, pounding fast in the hysterically happy face of the new literate. *It's when you've met the inner dimension of somebody else. That's travel, too.*

It's a travel that never ends. It's a—well, a pilgrimage with a purpose. It's meeting. And—it's wonderful! It's the life of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Laubach.



A COUNTRYSIDE IN RETROSPECT

I travel an endless road through the countryside

Where a peach tree flowers in mid-May,

And the lilacs blossom in April.

I follow the road through a field

And past the empty house bare against receding sun and dimming horizon;

I see a hill and a shining lake in the distance

And I sing a song because there is a moon and a night and some stars.

A night is a night whatever the season,

And a star is as bright with a haze or not;

There is a moon somewhere wherever there is a night.

And the day will dawn with splendor,

A red or gold through clouds hanging over a mountain;

There will be a lake with a mist arising,

And a scene of water and air combining to tell their story of creation

In a single breath of laughter.

Despise the night and despise the day

With a hatred and a contempt

And a longing for more days and nights

Dawning one after the other in endless columns.

There is a day of passion and pity born in a night of endless darkness

Broken only by a sullen unwinking star.

The endless road is fair.

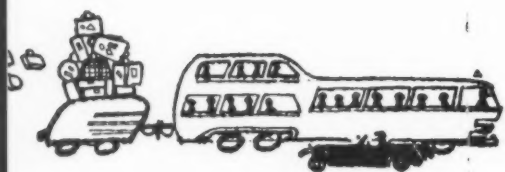
Like a lily in a damp, cool glen,

And it bids me to follow it down to the end,

There to find the night and the day combined

In an endless processing column.

BY LOUIS MILES



TOURISTMANSHIP



PERHAPS because Touristmanship is so simple a game, its regulations are unrecorded in the literature of S. Potter and his school. Its basic strategy is to make any newly returned traveler feel that, had he not been so ignorant or lazy, he would have been able to see, with a minimum of effort, a tremendously important monument which lay just across the street or over a low hill from his itinerary. The exemplary ploy that follows is from a conversation recorded on the Pincian terrace of the Casino Valadier, between Life-tourist Dr. G. Milton and a youthful British artist who had just spent eight hot months in Sicily.

Dr. Milton: Oh, just back from

Sicily, are you? Wonderful country. How did you like Noto?

Youthful artist: Noto?

M.: You went to Syracuse, didn't you?

Y.a.: Ah, Syracuse! We spent eight days there, measuring the theater. The little archeological museum by the Duomo. . . .

M.: Well, you know, Noto is just a spit away, up the hills. Entirely rebuilt after an earthquake by a mad seventeenth-century duke in sandstone the color of fried orange-peel. A pure Baroque town, untouched and unspoiled by trippers. . . .

THE youthful British artist is made to feel that he had wasted his time puttering around hackneyed tourist attractions, and might just as well not have read fifteen books, but taken the "Sunny Sicily" tours offered at attractive rates by the assistant credit-manager of his suburban bank.

The Alfredian Counter, invented by Capt. André in 1936 when this intrepid tourist was stuck for lunch in the walled town of Montagnana, is a simple counter offensive on the flank. The Capt. André-vs.-Dr. Milton en-

counter (Philadelphia, 1953) included the following exchange:

M.: Back from Greece already? How is the fresco-scrubbing at Mistra progressing?

A.: Didn't bother with Sparta this trip. We worked south from Thessaly to Castoria. A thousand little Byzantine churches, most of them entirely unknown, with exterior frescoes. . . .

M.: I prefer Ossos Loukas, myself, it has the scale. . . .

A.: Yes, and a new three-lane highway, I'm told, leading to the monastery stoop, with busloads of Bavarians in hairnets. . . . (And so forth.)

—Reprinted, courtesy of *Art News Magazine*



STUDENT EXCHANGE WITH RUSSIA

In response to the public statement of President Eisenhower that the United States should encourage exchange with Russia, The State Department has established a special office in Washington for this purpose. Frederick Merrill, director of the staff, has invited private agencies to keep his office informed of all future exchange activities with Russia so that every assistance may be given these programs by the Government. Address: Frederick Merrill, East West Staff, Office of the Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs, Department of State, Washington 25, D. C.



In every field—the natural sciences no less than government and religion—there is a tendency to crystallize existing practices and ideas into an orthodoxy which resists and stifles the new and creative impulse.

This is the story of a young artist with imagination and experimental daring who is breaking through the established patterns of cartography, and opening a vast new world of understanding through a new art of map making.

Maps are more to travelers than lines on a page. The automobile tourist follows red and black lines that mark the shortest distance between two dots. Yet even for this same traveler, maps have a fascination. There are still roads not taken and large areas still to be explored. It is still difficult to throw away a map!

The last two decades have called for maps that chart more than roads on sea or land. The age of flying has called for something else. To meet this need, to help fighting men find their ways in areas that had not been crossed by roads, to see these areas in a perspective from the air, a new map had to be produced.

An ordinary contour map fills a specialized need for the trained engineer in his regular work, but for pilots and navigators, untrained in engineering and suddenly assigned to fly vast expanses of unfamiliar territory, such maps were inadequate. These men needed a map that would show them the ground as they saw it from the air, or that would be comparable to the images reflected on their radar screens if flying exclusively by instruments—a map that would show at a glance what they needed to know without sacrificing accuracy. Such was the challenge set before the engineer-artist, Hal Shelton.

A product of practical experience in geology and civil engineering from California, Mr. Shelton's first effort was simply a regular contour map shaded in with pencil to make the land forms appear to be modeled in three dimensions. Shown to his superiors, it was greeted with responses from "Good Heavens! What on earth is that?" to "That's the answer we've



Hal Shelton looks up from his drawing board. One of his oil paintings hangs over the massive stone fireside.

MAPS

that read themselves

by Ralph and Martha Odom

been looking for." Before long, field commanders were demanding more and more of his style of maps.

After the war Shelton moved to Denver and teamed up with a veteran United Air Lines pilot, Capt. E. B. Jeppesen, who had a company producing flight information used by most of the major air lines throughout the world. Jeppesen had been doing some bold thinking himself—why not a map, he reasoned, which would show the ground as it actually looked from the air instead of using highly technical symbols having little meaning to the average person?

Thus came the perfecting of Shelton's technique making maximum use of shading and color added to all the traditional tools of cartography, and its production commercially through the facilities of Jeppesen and Co. An article in the Empire Magazine of *The Denver Post* commented: "The secret

of his technique he keeps to himself, but when it is finished, you have something which could be hung among your Rembrandts. It is a painting of the land in all its natural color and beauty . . . its three-dimensional effect is so real that you have to touch it before you'll believe the mountains don't actually poke out from the sheet."

If you ask the artist about his "philosophy" of map making, he will deny the ostentatious designation, but hasten to assure you that he does have some definite ideas and strong convictions concerning maps. "In making maps there are two general halves to the problem," he says, "getting the information and presenting it in some graphic form." The latter he thinks of as his particular function, although he has flown many thousands of miles checking the charts against the actual terrain, with his brother John, a flier

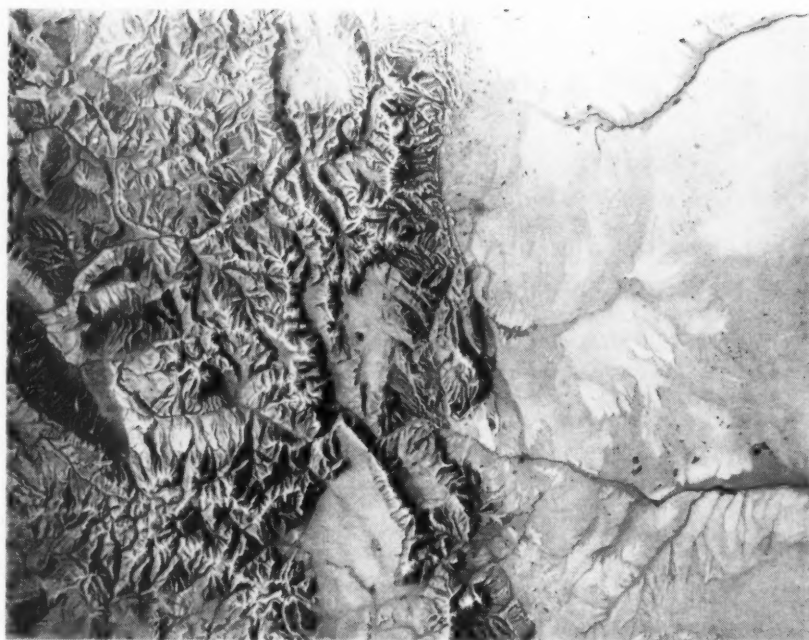
and professor of geology at Pomona College. On one such flight, he discovered that a sizable mountain shown on the official map doesn't exist!

"A map is only a group of symbols, and it must be judged by what it is trying to tell," Shelton is telling more with his maps than any cartographer ever tried to tell before. The Jeppesen folder describing his maps poses the question, "How make a map that will interest the average person and tell him a complete, easily understood story?" And it answers, "Discard the conventional approach and develop a technique in which visual reality replaces customary symbolism—a technique that makes maps look like the ground."

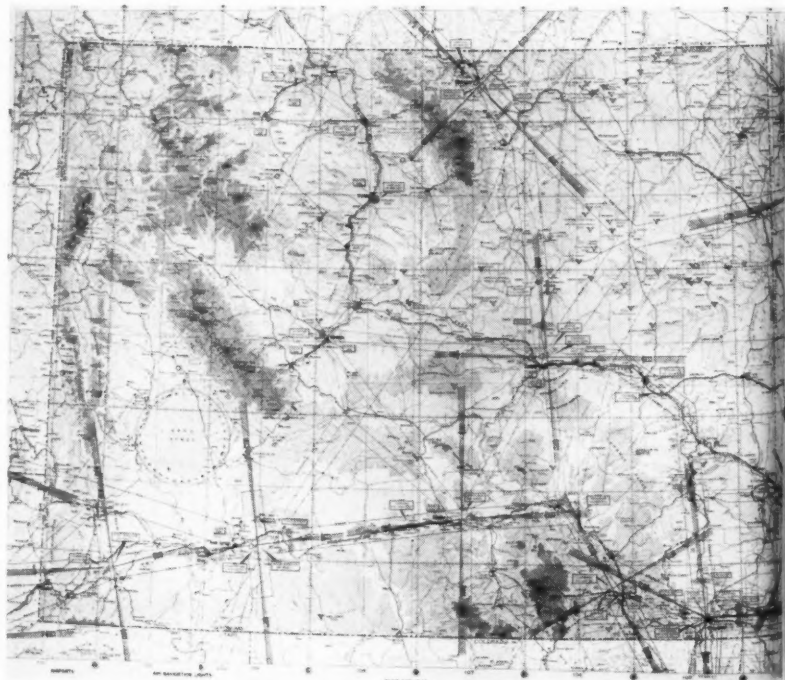
"The old concept of map making," it continues, "limited the application of color tone to a symbol for elevation. The new method discarded the conventional and put color to work as it had never been used before—to show the colors of the earth as they actually are. *Instead of a collection of symbols having little meaning except to specialists with the ability to interpret these symbols, mountains now look like mountains, deserts like deserts. All elements combine into a map that is instantly crystal clear in its meaning—a map that literally reads itself.*"

Mr. Shelton is adamant about most of the maps used in schools today. In many, one color represents a particular state or country, another color a different state or country. Or, different colors are used to represent differing elevations, while over in the corner a legend describes what the colors mean. "Symbols, either individual or in groups as on a map, are no more effective," he says, "than the unmistakable meaning they convey to the mind of the observer. With conventional maps a child must have an exceedingly perceptive mind to get through the confusing and sometimes deceiving symbols to an awareness of the reality for which they stand."

The significance of the problem of symbolism, the "language of communication among people," has always intrigued Shelton. He describes the fantastic progress in the gathering of information for maps. Photogram-



Here is Hal's representation of the State of Colorado exactly as it might look from a height of 100 miles or more. The original, like all his maps, is in realistic natural color.



motive

metry—the compilation of maps from photos—has come into its own. Amazingly ingenious techniques are in current use for the compiling and plotting of data appearing on aerial photography. “But as far as progress is concerned, *relatively little consideration is being given to the symbolism or meaningful presentation of the data collected.*”

The engineer, trained to be meticulous, has sacrificed his imagination. The field of presentation is wide open for the young man and women with imagination.

Professors John C. Sherman and Willis Heath of the Department of Geography and Cartography of the University of Washington have been experimenting with map symbolism, including such interesting special fields as maps for the blind. “Consider a blind student coming to the average college campus,” Mr. Shelton says. “How will you tell him where the walks go, where the buildings are located, where there are steps or obstacles, and the relative positions of the various parts of the campus?”

The faculty and students of the cartography department began by experimenting with different grades

of sandpaper to represent roads, walks, and the like, with protruding staples showing steps. Studies led them to a consideration of the cost of Braille printing and now experiments are under way to add enough body to printing ink so that printing by ordinary processes can be felt by the finger tips. An interesting problem posed to the psychologists as a result of this work has been that of defining the limits of sense perception, an area in which it was found little work has been done.

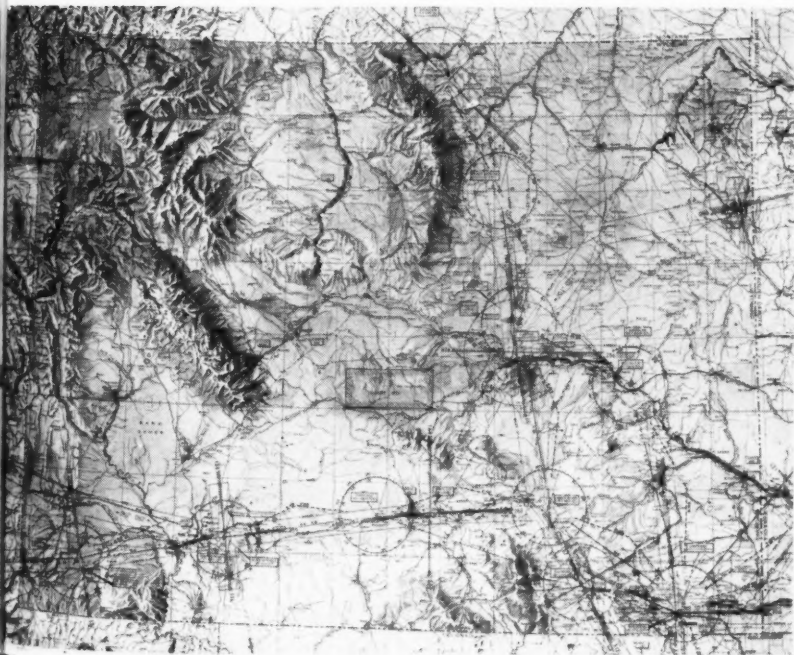
Teachers of geography are especially enthusiastic about the new maps because they know firsthand how these maps enable pupils to see at a glance the nature of the terrain, its vegetation and waterways, and thus to understand the economic, political and social development of peoples as they never could before.

Colors have to be selected to characterize the general appearance of the land to suggest wooded areas, grasslands, and timbered mountains without recourse to a descriptive key or legend. Six geographers in universities across the country are flown to Denver periodically by Jeppesen and Co. to edit and approve the correctness of every detail of Shelton's maps before

they go to press. There is much experimentation yet to be done and there are ramifications for many related fields.

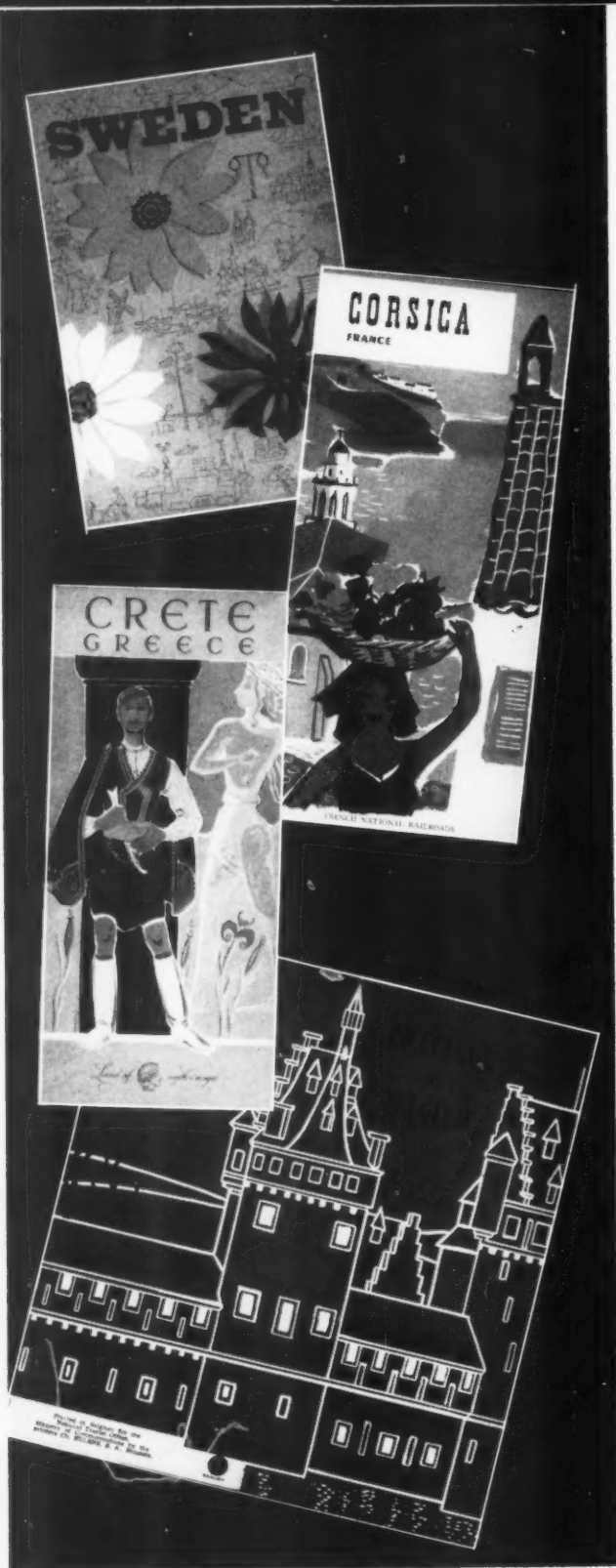
The new maps are a costly business. The printing alone of such an intricately colored map, especially in the larger sizes, is immensely expensive in both time and money. The rapid and enthusiastic acceptance of these maps has set some sort of record and represents a unique tribute to the creative effort of their originator. The International Geographical Congress, meeting in Washington, D. C., in 1952, hailed Shelton's work as “the most significant forward step in map making in fifty years.”

Hal Shelton is finding exciting fulfillment in creative work. But his real compensation will come in the years ahead when the Jeppesen natural color relief maps will be used in classrooms across the country as wall maps, and in textbooks and encyclopedias, opening new vistas to generations of youngsters, bringing a better understanding of their neighbors throughout the world, and inspiring a new vision of brotherhood which can only grow out of such understanding.



Flight maps of the State of Wyoming. An ordinary contour map at the left is contrasted with Shelton's map of the same area, right.

Photos by Harry Smith, Colorado State Woman's College, Denver, Colorado.

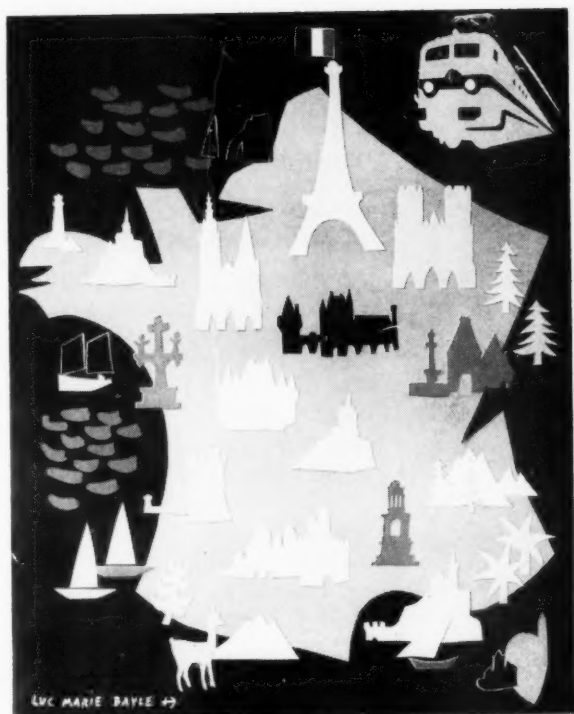




Paris

UNE RUE DE MONTMARTRE

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACQUES-LOUIS BOISSEY, 1956. ARTIST: JACQUES-LOUIS BOISSEY



December 1956

Can you travel without a guide? Well, you can, but Jamie Jones, who has been about everywhere except Antarctica, thinks that guides are right useful.

answers, answers

EVERYWHERE

by Jameson Jones

IT'S one way of traveling: to know where you want to go, exactly what you want to see, and have enough surplus money that you can hire people to solve all the problems and work out all the details.

Then, for instance, if you are in a museum and don't know the name of the masterpiece before you, you check your watch and your day's itinerary, and then you know—2:14 you are looking at "Mona Lisa."

It's a thought-saving way to travel.

Then there are those courageous and care-free souls who do the opposite, and with no notion of where or how they're going, they just start out. They hitch a ride and go wherever their benefactors happen to be going.

But somewhere in between goes the kind of traveler that most of us would like to be. A person with barely enough money, and a determination to make it go and go and go. A person with enough courage and good sense to get off the tourist mainline and see the back roads and off-beat towns. One with some answers out of books and travel guides, and a terrific curiosity to find out lots of things on his own.

The traveler with a world to explore also has a world of questions concerning the *how*. Questions on the value of a dollar in Italy and the April temperature in Glacier Park. For every travel question, there's an answer somewhere. And when you start to plan your trip, you'll probably be astounded to discover how many answers there are.

For example, all these timetables are full of answers. Our best tip on timetables: don't take them too seriously. You can trust them only if you're willing to be patient, thorough

in your reading, and a real student of symbolism. Else the #, %, &, °, x or @ may leave you stranded in the station because it meant the train wouldn't run that day. Let the experts interpret timetables for you.

And this guide to the travel guides: there are so many of them, each better than all others in the field (according to the author's own evaluation), that you could easily spend all your savings on these guides and then have nothing left to travel on.

Now, the easiest way to get *all* the answers is to buy your trip in a package. Name where you want to go, and you can get transportation, accommodations, meals, tours, trips, and all else you need for a flat price, quoted in advance. A bus company will sell you a package tour for \$19.95, or a boat company will sell a package trip around-the-world for \$1,995. This way, everything is planned for you.

A second means of easy help is a travel agent. Nearly every campus town has a travel agency, and any of them are worth a visit. An agent will have folders with pictures, timetables with fares, and all kinds of suggestions for places to go and things to do.

Visiting a travel agent will not obligate you in any way, so long as you remember that the outfit is not supported by charity and the agent must sell some tickets to stay in business. However, the nice note is that his services do not cost you a cent. The transportation companies give him a percentage on the tickets he sells, and the fare you pay him is exactly the same. It's a good deal!

ANOTHER source of answers is the transportation companies. Most of them have bureaus or special offices to help travelers with their problems. Say, if you want to go to Yellowstone, write the railroads which go nearby, and they'll send you attractive folders.

Or, if you're going to Rome. Trans World Airlines has one Mary Gordon serving as "Travel Advisor." Mary says to write her for words on Rome's wonderful shopping bargains and where to find them . . . the best places to eat . . . plus other city tips "to make your trip twice as much fun."



In these days when Americans aren't the only dollar-mad people in the world, many countries have set up tourist offices to lure Americans (and their dollars) to come over for a while. Some 76 of these offices are in our land, waiting to invite you abroad. To name one, the British Travel Association of 336 Madison Avenue, New York 17, offers a free *How to Plan Kit* with maps and everything. If you tell them you want to bicycle through Britain, the Association will give you the address of the "Cyclists' Touring Club."

What next?

The travel guides.

And this is really a knotty problem. Some of the guides are wonderful to read, even if you're not going anywhere. A few of the guides are almost worthless. It was said of Alexandre Dumas père that he was not a fussy man, and once wrote on order a best-selling guide to Egypt, packed with breathless descriptions of his climbing of the pyramids and swimming of the Nile—only he never bothered to set foot in Egypt. Some of his literary descendants are still among us.

Many of the travel guides are truly wonderful, reliable and helpful—even for the kind of travelers we want to be. Take a look:

Richard Joseph and Muriel Richter have *World Wide Travel Regulations Made Easy* for only \$1.50—a guide through red tape. Richard Joseph has a pocket-sized *World Wide Money Converter and Tipping Guide* for \$1.

If eating is more than an ordinary concern of yours, you might want a guide to *Dining Out in Any Language*—nine, to be exact. Myra Waldo here makes it possible for a hungry tourist in Denmark to order *fylde hvidkaal* with the sure knowledge that he will get stuffed cabbage. Crown Publishers sell a hard-cover edition for \$1, and Bantam has a paperback for 35 cents. Robert Jay Misch has a pocket *Foreign Dining Dictionary* for \$1.25, which you are apt to see, but it is not quite as comprehensive as the Waldo guide.

Go to any bookstore, as the tourist season approaches, and you'll find some of the more expensive answer

books. Richard Joseph has a good *World Wide Travel Guide* for \$3.95. Also good and popular is *Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe* for \$4.95. Sydney Clark has a long series of *All the Best in—*(you name it: Hawaii, England, Scandinavia, Italy, Cathedral France or just plain France, Mexico, Cuba, South America-East Coast, South America-West Coast, and more and more) at \$4.95 per volume.

The one most fun to read is David Dodge's *The Poor Man's Guide to Europe*. Now this gets more into our field, for Mr. Dodge knows there are tricks to every trade—traveling as well as piano moving. So he has assembled here a collection of tricks, short cuts, and money savers. For instance, he is happy to inform you that you can get more Spanish *pesetas* for your dollar through a New York bank than you can in Spain, or on the world free currency market or anywhere else. And that is nice to know, if you happen to be going to Spain.

The fanciest guide for the least money is *New Horizons*, which Pan American World Airways sells for \$1—way below actual cost. This book has 13,501 facts about what to see, do, wear and take home from over 900 places on six continents. It is complete with weather information so you'll know how to pack.

IF you're staying in this country, you can check with automobile associations and chambers of commerce for

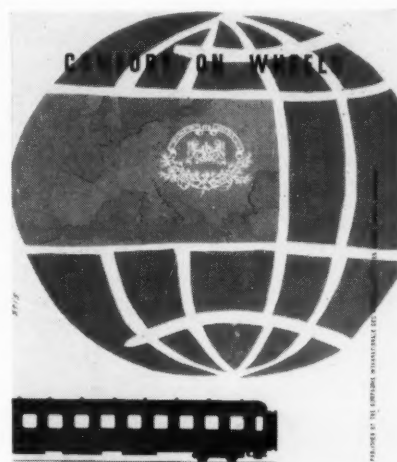
travel guides and helps. Rand McNally has a beautiful and helpful *Vacation Guide to the U. S. and Canada* for \$1.95. For \$1 you can get "Traveling by Car—a Family Planning Guide to Better Vacations." And, of course, that living American institution—Duncan Hines—still has his *Lodging for a Night and Adventures in Good Eating* to help make travel nice.

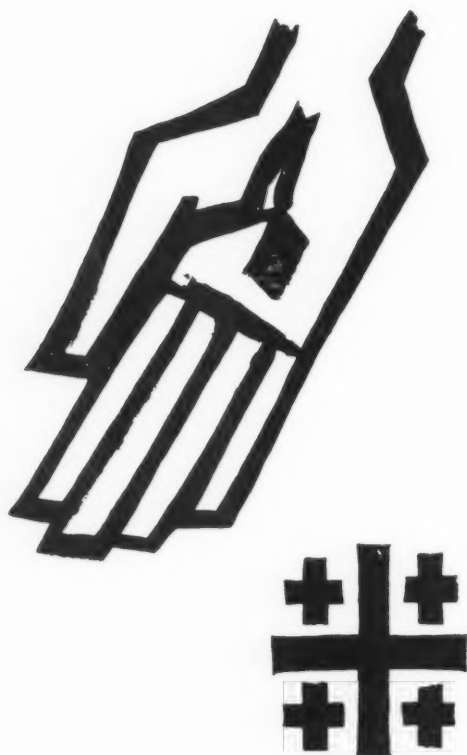
The fact is, it would take a book to list and describe all the books. Look them over before you buy, and buy sparingly. Much of the information that you need you can get free. And you don't want so much information that you lose the thrill and excitement of traveling on your own.

This issue of *motive* is a wonderful travel guide in itself. Then, go to your campus library and read some of the magazines such as *Holiday*. Take in all the travel ads. Here you may find Trans World Airlines offering travel guides at 25 cents per country. Or the British Railways offering their "thrill tour tickets"—a real bargain. For \$20 second class or \$30 first class, you get 1,000 miles of "go-as-you-please" rail travel in Britain and Ireland. These tickets must be bought in this country and cannot be bought abroad.

One of the most useful books I know is the *Official Airline Guide*, which is published monthly for \$1.25 per copy. Any travel agent or airline office would let you look at its copy of this *Guide*, and all for free you can find not only schedules for every airline in this country and major world lines, but official money and exchange rates, foreign consulate offices in the U. S., international travel requirements, festivals and special events around the world, foreign tourist information offices in the U. S., and national parks information.

We've only begun to touch the subject of where to find answers to your travel questions. Answers are everywhere. So many answers, you may run out of questions—but don't! Take some questions with you, wherever you go. It's a world of fun that way!





A TOUCH OF REALITY

makes the whole world kin

by William D. Ellington

THE big white-eyed "gator" had just gone down and our headlights were scanning the wild, humid swamp. This alligator had been shot at before and was "wild." Chances were we would have to "burn" him to get him out of the swamp, but first we must find him. Sidney had tried for this "gator" several times before, and was determined that tonight was to be the night. Consequently, there was just one thing to do—wait until (and if) he decided to surface.

Our headlights went out and we sat in our little Cajun *Pirogue* drifting with the light breeze, waiting. The Louisiana swamp inhabitants croaked, jumped, howled, flew, and ran on, but we sat almost motionless and silent. Weird, I thought, that I should end a new chapter of my travelogue in this different and exciting manner. We continued to sit, for Sid was determined to let the "old boy" come up and relax before we switched on our lights.

In the dark, I continued to think about my summer's travel. One thought had repeatedly caused me concern. I was beginning to hate travel and yet there were times that I loved it. In the last two years I had become a changed person. The man who once jumped into action

when the word "travel" was mentioned now would lift his ears and left eyebrow in suspicion. The word "smelled two-faced," and was emotionally ambivalent. I loved it, and yet I hated it. Why?

Such a question demanded time and reflection. Neither Sid's impetuous nature nor the swarm of mosquitoes allowed for such time or reflection. The boat wobbled; that was the sign for lights. Our headlights shot out into the dark and there an eye was, big, round and fiery. Slowly, we paddled toward the eye, keeping our lights on it, and carefully avoiding hitting our paddles on the *Pirogue*. My heart pounded harder as we glided closer; the twelve-gauge loaded, and the big "white eye" went out like a light. He was hit. Moments later we gaffed him on the bottom and pulled him to surface—eight feet and twenty dollars' worth of hide.

TWO nights later I began to review the question of travel, and I realized that to find a solution I would have to review my life of travel. Especially, I would have to review the last seven years during which time I had been on a constant go, never remaining in one place for more than ten months at a time. I suspected from the beginning that I had such mixed emotions when thinking on travel because my travel experiences were so mixed. But were differences in seasons, distances, countries and languages what determined my likes or dislikes for travel? Hardly, the answers just didn't lie in these dimensions. My mind scanned the past years and reviewed a travel pattern which would not prove too typical for a man of my generation. The big trip of 1950 took me from Tacoma, Washington, to Mexico City, Pueblo, the mountain village of Zacapoaxtlo, and Veracruz. Seven days after I returned to Tacoma, I enlisted in the Air Force and spent time in Texas, Mississippi, California, Japan and Korea. Then I was privileged to return for ten months to Washington State. The following two years I traveled back and forth from Washington to Boston, missing only one of the forty-eight states. Closing the seven years of travel was this past summer's trip involving a journey from Montreal, Canada, to Kansas; Oak Ridge, Tennessee; New Orleans; Seattle; and Boston. There's my travel listing, but what makes the difference in travel?

Answers have been filtered out as I have made this review. To begin with, just going some place leaves me cold. I'd rather stay home and sleep. Just seeing country bores me. There are a few exceptions, of course, but generally speaking for me land is land, water water, and houses are houses.

WHAT makes travel *really* important for me is the opportunity it affords to study people as they really are; an opportunity to look at the total structure of man in his interaction with his neighbor and his physical environment. My trip to Mexico left a warm and lasting impression. I was working in a mountain village east of Pueblo, and evenings I could chat with the men and their families about their loves, hates, fears, and ambitions.

This is the essence of "travel" for me. My trip to Japan and Korea proved to be just the opposite. Free time was rare and when I did manage to get off base, I just looked. There was a lot to see and like most foreigners, I gawked. The people resented gawkers as I do, and when I left the Far East I felt cheated because I knew I had missed the heart of "travel," the sharing with human personalities. I shall never forget one thirty-mile train ride I had just outside Tokyo, a gawking ride.

On boarding the train I found I was the only American in the car. Riding with me were Japanese children in their little black-and-white school clothes, farmers, businessmen, women, and one beggar. We were jogging along and all was silent save an occasional giggle or whisper by one of the children. Their thoughts were fairly evident as they grinned at me, but the adults communicated little except that they looked tired and stoic.

The beggar's head had drooped. But suddenly, he shouted and began to throw his arms around wildly. The Japanese all listened. I couldn't understand a word he was saying, but I could feel the tension as he ranted on. He began to walk up and down the aisle of the car, and he kept pointing at his missing leg and facial scars. He seemed to be pleading with the Japanese. Now he was within eight feet of where I sat. The vehement nature of his oratory increased and he began pointing at me. It seemed as though what he was now saying was the climax of his entire outburst. The air was tense. Everyone was looking at me. Finally, he shut up and again his head drooped. The whole episode could not have taken more than three minutes, but it seemed like an hour, for I had been suspended in a partial communication vacuum. I continued to look at him. If only I could have known what he was saying and thinking, what the others were saying and thinking! This typifies the shallowness of my

travel in the Far East, and my longing to dig deeper. Certainly, I had been cheated.

TRAIPSING from Seattle to Boston and from Boston to Seattle six times in the past two years has proven just as uninteresting. Canyons and towns, museums and factories just don't hold me. But let me see how the indigenous population is involved with them, and I'm all ears and eager to see, discuss, and share.

This past summer's journey proved to be a *real* "travel" experience. I visited and worked in over eight different communities in the student evangelism project. What was the basic economic, social, and religious structure of the community? I found out and was often able to relate myself to these structures. This was living on the move, this was "travel." Unlike the viewer of a stereoscope, I was able to step from behind the lenses into the actual scene, experiencing real dimensions and life.

I'll never cease being eager to sit up all night in a small boat, in a strange country, at a strange sport, with a relatively strange hunting partner. For hours we could share. I'm through with sight-seeing. If I can't step from behind the stereoscopic lenses of sight-seeing and touch reality, I'll stay home.

Touch reality? I fear I must make one exception to the desire to touch reality. This is in "gator" hunting. When a gator's shot, he sinks immediately and if the tide's "running" or if he lingers in his death struggle you may lose him. Therefore, one of Sid's first bits of indoctrination to me was that a *real* "gator" hunter *never* flinches, and after he shoots the "gator" he rapidly paddles to the scene of the kill and grabs in the water for any part he can touch. . . . I pass. "Please Sid, may I stay behind the stereoscopic lenses?—You touch reality."

THE WORLD AT YOUR DOORSTEP

Across the face of the world the force of the United Nations is being felt today. The importance of the extended impact that the United Nations makes on the lives of people in so many countries cannot be too much emphasized. Because the United Nations is one of our most valuable channels for building world understanding, a burden and responsibility falls upon Christians. We have never before had a political channel which involved so many nations and territories in its activities. Never before has an organization in the peace field defined its objectives in as broad and far-reaching terms. Never be-



fore have "We, the people of the United Nations" been so much involved in an international organization. The "creative war" which the United Nations is waging against ignorance, oppression, hunger, disease and poverty becomes a very dramatic vanguard action for peace. Each bit of endeavor successfully completed, starts a chain reaction with infinite possibilities. When once Christians understand the similarity between its aims and those of our Christian world mission, they will be glad to accept that responsibility. Had it not been for one hundred years of Christian missions there could never have been a United Nations. In this light we strongly urge that students engage in an intensive and continuous study of the United Nations, its aims, philosophy, accomplishments and potentialities. For resource materials write: American Association for the United Nations, New York, N. Y., or Board of World Peace, 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

—From the report of The Methodist Student Commission of the National Conference of Methodist Youth, 1956

December 1956

25

honest, I'M NOT A COMMUNIST!!

by Emil Paul John



The annual invasion of Europe by American tourists foamed to a peak this month, and anything that foams usually arouses me enough to burp out a couple comments. Therefore:

Burp No. 1—This is the only invasion in which the invaders always lose and those invaded never win.

Burp No. 2—This is the only invasion which repeats the blunders that led to defeat.

The invaders' loss is not dollars, for money marries and multiplies but never gets lost. The only loss is opportunity . . . opportunity to grow and to be grown. . . to love and be loved.

The invaders usually disembark in June and:

skip through London for tea
pant at the Follies in Paris
bleat at the bulls in Madrid
inhale Beethoven in Vienna
tiptoe behind Berlin's Iron Curtain, and pause
in Rome for the Pope's blessing before hopping
down to the Holy Land for a quick dip in the Jordan
River.

When they retreat in August, what have they left behind? A trail of empty Kodak boxes and undersigned travelers' checks. But not much love. That's why their invasion always fails.

Some invasions don't fail. We had three examples of this in Austria during July, which almost make me sorry that I burp so much.

The first was a work camp of 37 American Methodists, sponsored by the Board of Missions and coming mostly from the Kansas and Virginia conferences and seven other states. They rubbed sweat with Austrian laborers who are building our Refugee Apartment House in Linz; they pushed wheelbarrows with Austrian youth and completed our first playground; they labored on our Kindergarten, lived in the homes of Austrian and refugee families; they worked and worshiped and sang and played and walked and talked together with Austrians, old and young, and when they left Austria after four weeks, their trail was cluttered with eyes flooded by overflowing hearts.

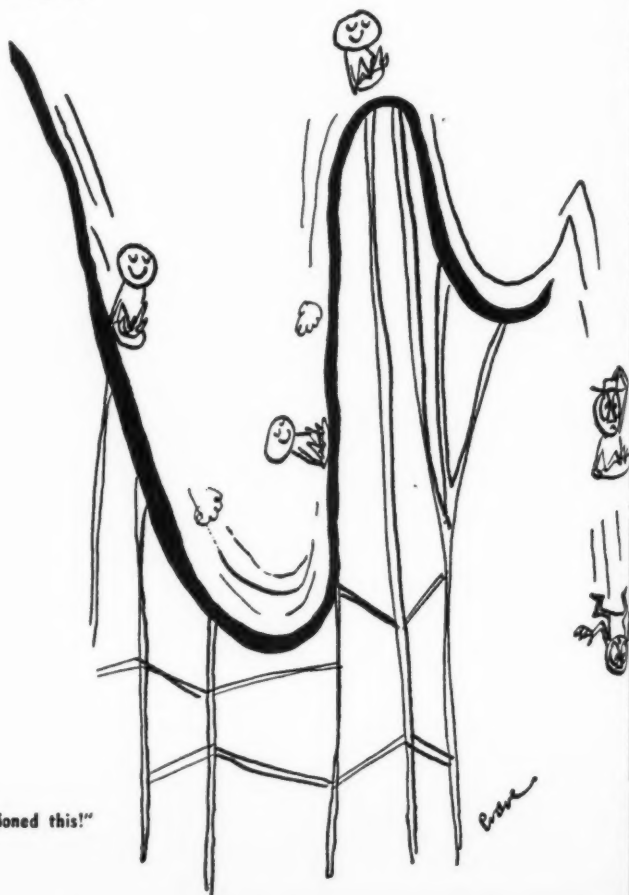
The second example was an Ecumenical Work Camp of 16 young people from Jordan, Lebanon, Austria, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, England and the United States. They began the work on our new Methodist church in Ried, a town (pop: 12,000) about two hours' ride from Linz. For one month they quartered in a refugee camp and assisted the Methodist congregation there to dig out a foundation in the hill where someday the

church will stand. The happiness left behind by these young people in that refugee camp reminds me a bit of the happiness Jesus left behind after his visit to Zacchaeus.

The third example was the Methodist Caravan (12 persons from the North Carolina Conference) on its seventh annual trip to Austria. This group contributed to church services in five Austrian cities, teamed with American Mennonites and Brethren in Vienna for a week, rebuilding a high school; and in Linz completed the Kindergarten for dedication on September 1.

Well, let me throw in another burp while there's gas still in me. An American building delegation recently toured 6,000 miles of the Soviet Union and returned with this comment: "It is pathetic to see people try to apply building materials without any knowledge." If you read this article, too, did you clap your hands and breathe a sigh of relief because big bad Russia still was not advanced enough to give us competition? Or did you organize some skilled workers in your neighborhood and suggest that they take off a summer and travel to Russia to share their building knowledge there?

That's one invasion which certainly would cure my burping.



The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide.
From *Renascence*, by E. St. V. Millay

WHILE one can enjoy vicarious shipping off satisfaction with creating in the backyard, and reading *Holiday*, it may be profitable to consider for all its offerings still another way of getting to places and people. This way isn't exactly palliate for an itching heel, but it provides the travel essentials, and has a far longer, more esteemed and dramatic following than the suitcase kind. And, of all things, it's not vicarious.

The method, to be honest, was suggested by a recent reading of some children's stories, nameless here because they are dull, and have their morals indecently showing.

If we move out with our legs, the author says, it's something. If we move with our minds it's better, but if we move with our *hearts* we're traveling! It's like the old toothpick game. To get out of *this* square, over into *this* one, we have to cross *this* toothpick. Having crossed it we find ourselves in a bigger square with another toothpick to cross, and so on. With all this toothpick-hopping we're getting bigger—to fill a widening world.

The first line, or toothpick, which the children are asked to cross is the one between Christmas and Hanukkah.

Of course, most college and after-college people consider they've left the religious line behind long ago. We feel perfectly at home in any kind of church. We know about all the religions, some of our best friends are atheists, everybody to his own faith, and it's all the same to us.

But would it insult our flexibility to suggest just one more searching test of spiritual sophistication? Granted that accepting a person with his faith requires good will, the question is whether it really can be done without accepting the faith with the person. And then, the question is whether good will alone can carry us across what seems to be a new kind of "religious" line.

Obviously there is required a certain amount of objective research to discover some articles of say Shintoism, or communism or some varieties of Methodism, which happen to fit in with our own. But it isn't impossible. Moreover, to travel the religions of mankind is a world-wide, time-long adventure.

BUT "faith" is something else again, and surely its implications reach deeper than doctrine can go. Twenty years ago we might have leaped into a technical discussion of such mouth-fillers as "consociation" and "reconception." We do take for our own, Dr. Hocking's (recent) statement that religion (not "a" religion) is the only ground on which any meeting between East and West (and we add, between person and person) would be significant. When all's said and done, surely we are so many lonely islands until we find, in other islands, "some-

December 1956

toothpicks

THAT ARE RAIL FENCES

Some think the good traveler is one who goes to people rather than places. So, now to deal with the kind of traveling one can enjoy when he hasn't even a shoe-string, and where to go and how to go without going by carrier.

by Alice Cobb

thing real . . . something we cannot exclude; something, therefore which belongs to our faith . . . in its unity and integrity." * From that stunning moment of arrival we—and the other island—may be a mainland.

The second toothpick the children cross is the "economic" line.

In the story, when six-year-old Gregory invites Red Willy, the "welfare kid," to a party at his nice home, Bill's obligation to society is cared for (at the moment). For you and me it isn't so simple. This may be because we've plowed through a few tomes about poverty and wealth and have learned how to define "property." We know that the economic line is no toothpick. We know too that what seems a railroad track to Gregory, is *far* more complicated.

In fact when we attempt to cross the economic line we will have to ask ourselves what it means to be Christian and whether we are. But when one has asked that, out of an itinerary that leads beyond the offices of big labor and big business, and on to the unemployment office across the street, and the Public Assistance roles of his county, and the Community Chest agencies of his community, and the slum-clearance program on the other side of town, he will have moved farther out of his separate world than many people ever move. And all from what he'll learn, there truly isn't a single castle in Spain with more color and romance for the traveler than (for instance) the nearest county courthouse! (A writer I knew used to get all his plots from there.)

Some will elect the longer trip, beyond and behind the drama of public service. And surely the traveler who finds the hidden route to knowing and loving and being some of the persons behind the "service" story, has in store for him greater adventures than ever. For by so many *persons* he may communicate with a wider, deeper, more important world than he has known before.

The third toothpick of the story group is the "color line" and it hardly needs saying that simply to approve

* Hocking, W. E. "Reconception Reconsidered," *The Christian Century*, March 2, 1955, p. 269.

of the Supreme Court's edict on segregation is not to have crossed that line. Nor does "crossing" suggest that one ought to carry a torch. The writer steps out as a Southerner to say that we do need our prophets and have them. But more than these we need those who will stay at home and patiently, lovingly blow on the hearth fires.

Two social workers in a southern center, one Negro and one white, crossed that line together, recently.

As soon as the Negro students were permitted to apply for admission to the school of social work, the two girls went together to the school office. Together they stood in line to receive the forms. Together they took the examination for entry. Of all the applicants, the Bethlehem Center worker was the only Negro.

The first half of the entrance test (scoring 50 per cent) was a set of routine technical questions, and was sent away to be marked. The second half consisted of one question "Why do you wish to come to this school?" This half was marked locally.

When the final grades were received, both the Center workers found they had scored high in the first half of the test. In the second half, graded locally, the Negro worker failed. Of all the applicants she was the only one to fail on the second question, and failed the examination for entry.

The point to this story of course is that since they were together, those two learned, not fears, suspicions, hearsay, but facts about what was happening behind the façade of compliance with the law. What to do with the information is another story. This one has to do with crossing the line.

But "color line" refers not only to Negroes and not always to color. Any minority group in our country presents a goal for travel, for any individual of another group who has a heart for a trip.

It is not entirely fair to remark (although it is remarkable!) how many thousands of dollars are spent by Americans to go and look at Europeans and Latin Americans in their own countries. Yet across the street in most American towns are the same peoples, no less interesting because they are here, with the same rich and varied cultural heritage as in their "native habitat." Across the street—and across all kinds of lines. Religious often, economics nearly always—and color.

IN New York City great new housing projects await the crowds of newcomers Puerto Ricans. On the Texas border hundreds of Spanish-speaking people cross from Mexico every month, legally and not. From almost every country of Europe and the Middle East, vast numbers of refugees have come since World War II. Thousands of laborers, Negro and white, are moving from South to industrial cities of the North, and from North back to Southern farm lands. And there's plenty of traveling ready for any of us who stay at home, no matter where home is. We can start at the Chinese laundry next time we take the shirts. Or the Italian fruit seller's stand. Or the candy store the man from Andros owns—and travel.



The fourth toothpick the children are asked to cross is very like the last one, but those funny little fables call it the line between "us and the people who come and go."

It is interesting how we know, yet seldom know except by hearsay, how throughout the land, north, south, east, west, the moving millions, in buses and trucks and crowded jalopies, follow the seasonal jobs, settling like flights of birds for a while—and then moving on. No matter where one lives (and more than likely it's an apartment house or a trailer, in this restless, rootless era!) he can hardly be far from one or another of the "strangers that come to town," the new version of Maggie Tolleriver.

Last summer we learned of a temporary population of 2,000 persons, staying in six camps, all within an hour's drive of our home near Hendersonville, North Carolina. Tucked away inconspicuously, these people worked the land, picked the beans, gathered the apples, spent their money in our town, breathed the air we breathed, and were subject to our laws, but they didn't vote, they didn't own so much as a stove or a chair, they didn't have a part in the school or church or social life at any level. In September they folded their tents and went away.

True, some of the townspeople were better travelers than I, because a child-care center was set up by the church groups during the summer. But it is clear that when this world returns to our neighborhood next summer, we all have traveling to do at home. I would like, for instance, to know the young woman who bathed her baby in one of those shacks. My world would be wider if I knew what she's doing now.

The sixth toothpick is the handicap line!

I am haunted by the ghost of Clarence, an epileptic boy who used to say (when we were eight or nine) that he was going to "make a preacher." When he was eleven Clarence hanged himself in the barn back of his house. That was a long time ago, and I suppose I've searched a thousand times since then between the known world of us other children and Clarence's tragic planet. Studying the fast-growing body of knowledge about this dread disease, leading to its arrest and possible cure; knowing in other days and times other persons suffering from epilepsy, and the special quality lent some of these by the experience of suffering I stand humbly again at the

shut gate to Clarence's world, and my own seems limited.

Surely when we have traveled to knowing persons, then our visits to the narcotic hospitals, the mental hospitals, the crippled children's clinic and the meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous, will be travels to persons who will lead us, fearless, into a new dimension of our wider, deeper world. One doesn't ask if there was any lonely valley of that world that Jesus failed to travel.

THE last toothpick is the line between good and bad.

In most cities, even small ones, there are people who are locked in prison. The questions of why and how they got there, and what is happening to them now, and what they will do later on, are all for the traveler who follows the Traveler we profess to know, as well as for courts and policemen and social workers. We may travel the wide world over, and stay provincial persons, if we fail to widen our world beyond the limits of free entry and access in our own bailiwick, and if, sturdily staying aloof, we believe our hands and hearts to be unsoiled by the social evils of the world. Prisons of course are only symbolic. The question of good and bad is all around us and within us.

And so too these lines, or toothpicks, are only a few, and symbolic. Our widening world will take us across many more, and every one will lead to new experience, knowledge and concern. What to do with these is another story. But at any rate it will happen in a wider world.

And it is all in the end to say (with *our* morals showing) that the good traveler, whether he goes to Europe or to the next room, does go to places to seek people. And it is to suggest that a good traveler takes gifts for the people he goes to.

We remind ourselves, as we must have been doing all along, that Jesus was such a traveler. Most of his traveling was done to people, and all of it was done for them. He walked or rode a donkey. The miles he went in his lifetime covered (roughly) the distance from Bethlehem to Nazareth (about seventy miles), to Tyre and Sidon (perhaps, and another seventy miles), and from Nazareth to Jerusalem (about seventy-five miles), short trips out from Jerusalem and around Palestine, none over ten miles or so, and from Jerusalem to Golgotha (he walked about three miles, and carried a heavy load part of the time).

The gift he took along on his journeys was love. And he crossed every single one of the lines.



Courtesy, Museum of Modern Art, N. Y.

IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?

(Continued from page 13)

ing in the dark and damp outhouses of larger buildings, or in little huts made of bits of timber and corrugated iron. Sometimes chalked on the doors were blurred crosses. These crosses had afforded protection in the troubles which had followed partition.

"I can see now, in fact I shall never be able to get the sight of it out of my mind nor the stench of it out of my nostrils, a damp and filthy court, about fifteen feet square. Round it were these hovels, through it ran an open drain. The court was playground for the children and the only place where the cooking could be done. Around that court there were fifty-three people living. No wonder that in five of the fourteen homes we visited that morning there were people lying desperately ill with tuberculosis.

"These are the scenes in which my friend the missionary and her Indian pastor colleague daily do their work. They will never hit the headlines, no one will ever blazon their names in lights. They are in the other side of the picture, the underside, which we do not see and perhaps do not want to see."

To see something of this "other side of the picture" student travelers should get in touch with their denominations and the World Council of Churches and ask for advice on what to see in the countries they plan to visit. Since the great majority of student travelers from America visit Europe, I think that the little "Inter-Church Aid Directory for Church Visitors in Europe" issued by the World Council will help them to see interesting projects, especially refugee work. By far the best way, of course, is to come for some purpose such as work camps or attending an ecumenical conference.

Recently in Stockholm at the hotel accommodation bureau in the Central Station, a friend of mine was behind one of those American travelers who would be amusing if they were not so tragic. Armed with a list of specifications about what her hotel should be, threats to report the innocent counter girl to the Consulate if she did not get the accommodation desired, and a "message" concerning "man's inhumanity to the soil" about which, as she loudly informed the world, she was writing a book, this woman caused acute embarrassment to my friend. "I don't know the Swedish consul in New York, I'm not writing a book, and I don't have to have a hotel with an elevator. I am an American and I apologize for my fellow citizen," she said.

I told the incident to a friend of mine, a European student. "There are two groups of Americans traveling in Europe. One half goes around trying to correct the impression made by the others," he said.

But these corrections do not always have to be made verbally. Another European said to me, "Younger people sometimes have a tendency to apologize for their country and point out its faults. That is not necessary."

But young Americans who travel abroad have their best opportunity to criticize their own country after their own experiences of travel have brought them to an awareness of its mistakes, and back home there is plenty of need for them to be vocal about what they have learned.

INFORMATION ON TRAVEL IN EUROPE

(We are indebted to the Council on Student Travel for part of the information listed.)

Europe (car sizes and rentals in each country)
Published annually.

TRANSPORTATION IN EUROPE

Information about European railway schedules, fares and special holiday plan tickets may be obtained from the following offices:

BRITISH AND IRISH RAILWAYS, INC.
9 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N. Y.

GERMAN FEDERAL RAILROADS
11 West 42nd Street
Suite 444
New York 36, N. Y.

FRENCH NATIONAL RAILWAYS
610 Fifth Avenue
New York 20, N. Y.

SWISS FEDERAL RAILROADS
Swiss National Travel Office
10 West 49th Street
New York 20, N. Y.

EUROPE BY CAR, Harian Publications, Greenlawn, N. Y., 207 pages, \$2.
A guide to seeing Europe by car, written for the average wage earner and his family.

- what it will cost for a family of four for two months
- gasoline and oil, rules of the road, road signs
- recommended hotels, pensions and restaurants
- a "model" trip for two months for first-timers
- papers required for the automobile, money, particulars of embarkation with a car in New York and debarkation in Europe
- commentary on the sights to see along the way (roads to travel, hotels and prices, food hints, side trips)
- suggested trips for individual countries (history and main points of interest)
- car-hire and car-purchase plans in

EUROPEAN STUDENT FLIGHTS, Scandinavian Student Travel Service, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., 8 pages, free.

A pamphlet containing information about European student flights arranged by National Student Travel Bureaus. Costs and eligibility requirements. Published annually.

INVEST YOUR SUMMER, Office of Publication and Distribution of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., 120 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y., 35 pages, 20 cents.

A catalogue of voluntary service opportunities describing:

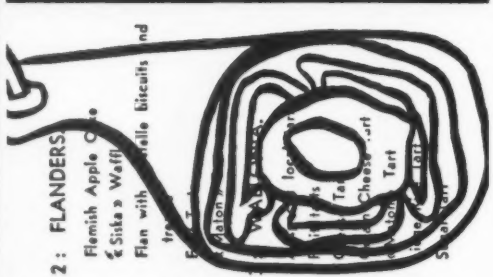
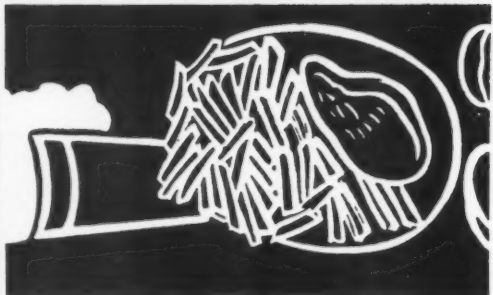
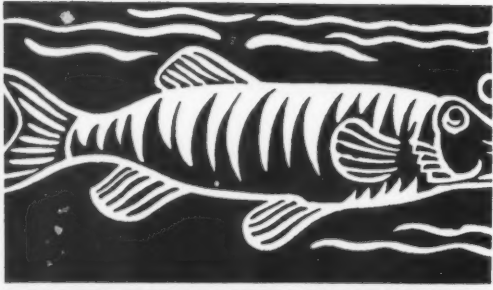
- work camps in the United States and abroad for high-school, college-age youth and older
 - caravans, community service and individual projects
 - internships in community service, government and industry
 - institutional service projects
 - international projects (Latin America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Near East)
 - year-round projects
- Published annually.

WORK, STUDY, TRAVEL ABROAD, U. S. National Student Assn., 701 Seventh Ave., New York 36, N. Y., 1955, 88 pages, 50 cents.

A guide for American students on summer travel, work and study abroad.

- transportation, passport, visas, currency, hostels in Europe, rail reductions for students
- tours planned by students and youth organizations in Europe, American educational organizations and American travel organizations
- travel publications
- festival dates in Europe
- summer sessions of study in Europe, Latin America and Canada
- seminars sponsored by American and European educational organizations
- work programs

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TRAVEL LITERATURE

FROM PRIVATE COMPANIES

New Horizons Prepared by Pan American Airways, New Edition. A guide to world travel—16,287 facts about 78 countries. A most valuable book. \$1.

Adventures in Education A free pamphlet from Pan American Airways. A scholar's guide to summer study and educational travel abroad. Listing of educational tours of thirty organizations, colleges and agencies.

Twenty-four Hours in Paris—Air France—free.

Helps make the most of every minute in Paris, with all kinds of information.

British Travel Association (travel brochures), 336 Madison Avenue, New York City—free.

Excellent produced pamphlets on *Shopping in London*, *Visitors' Guide to Prices in Britain*, and many others. Suggestive and informative.

Sita—Student Trips of Europe, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.—free.

(Consult telephone for offices in other cities.) A listing of all kinds of trips—length, cost, etc. Also valuable hints as to what to take, etc.

Scandinavian Student Travel Service, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Pamphlets suggesting low-cost trips.

American Tourist Association, 1424 K. Street, N.W., Washington 5, D. C.

Publishes an *International Guide* with recommendations for 70 countries. Membership fee of \$5 entitles you to 10 per cent discount card and guide.

Europe by Car, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Publishes brochures on plans to buy and rent car with resale possibilities, etc. Also sends advertising material on European cars.

Auto-Europe, Inc., 25 West 58th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

A company specializing in cars abroad. Publishes a pamphlet, *The A B C's of European Auto Travel*, which answers questions about travel abroad by car. Free.

European Travel Commission An organization of government travel information. Offices throughout Europe and the United States. All commercial travel agencies have literature.

American Education Abroad, 60 West 56th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

A nonprofit educational foundation which specializes in tours to the Holy Land with expert leadership.

Air Lines, Steamship Lines, Government Tourist Agencies—free literature.

TOURS ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

Pilgrimage Associates Tours Under the direction of William Graham Echols, this organization plans tours of Europe and the Holy Land. A spring tour of the Holy Land in 1957 with Dr. Walter Williams of the Iliff School of Theology, and an archaeology tour of the Holy Land in the summer led by Dr. Boone Bowen of Emory University are special features. Information from Dr. Echols, P. O. Box 1165, University, Alabama.

Experiment in International Living, Putney, Vermont. Experiments in living in homes abroad—ten-member groups with trained leader—living and traveling with people from the host country. Summer of 1957 features Nigeria, and groups will also go to Belgium, Chile, Japan and India. Nineteen to thirty years of age. Special spring group to Europe and to Mexico. Prospectus sent on request.

World Council of Churches, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, New York. The Council does not organize nor conduct tours. It does issue a list of youth camps, conferences and travel in Europe organized by churches and Chris-

tian youth organizations. This is a comprehensive list and is most valuable.

American Youth Hostels, Inc., 14 West 8th Street, New York 11, New York. "See twice the country at half the price."

The Handbook and Hostellers' Manual, 1956-57 (\$1), is an invaluable mine of information on hostels both in this country and abroad. Suggested summer hostel trips and study abroad.

Tenth Annual European Study Tour in Comparative Education Conducted by Dr. William Reitz, Wayne University, 727 Student Center, Detroit 2, Michigan. Qualified persons can earn up to eight hours of undergraduate or graduate credit.

Auto Trails in Europe, Box 404, State College, Pennsylvania. Automobile trips in Europe with teachers and students as main clientele.

European Traveling Seminar, 3700 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C. Conducted a tour to collect European sounds this past summer.

Work Camps under the auspices of Universalist Service Commission, American Friends Service Committee and others. These camps allow time for travel as well as living with citizens of foreign countries. Consult denominational headquarters. Further information will be supplied in *motive* (February issue) in the listing of summer projects.

Private travel bureaus such as **Brownell Tours**, Brownell Building, Birmingham, Alabama; **Four Seasons Travel Service**, 50 Franklin Street, Worcester 1, Massachusetts; **The Clara Laughlin Travel Services, Inc.**, 38 East 57th Street, New York 22, New York; the **Sarah Marquis Travel Service**, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, New York; and **University Travel Company**, 18 Brattle Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts, are well known and dependable bureaus.

Bates College (Maine), Beaver College (Penn.), Boston University, American International College (Springfield, Mass.), Brigham Young University (Provo, Utah), Cornell University, Hofstra College (Hempstead, N. Y.), Indiana University (Bloomington), Lafayette College (Easton, Penn.), Marquette University (Milwaukee), Montclair State Teachers College (Upper Montclair, N. J.), New Jersey State Teachers College (East Orange), College of Puget Sound (Tacoma, Washington), Wayne University (Detroit), Western College for Women (Oxford, Ohio), Western Illinois State Teachers College (Macomb), and Illinois Wesleyan (Bloomington) have all had conducted tours and many give credit for work.

Other addresses where travel and tour information can be obtained:

Association for Academic Travel Abroad
40 East 49th Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Educational Travel Association, Columbia Tours, Inc., 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.
International Cultural Tours
5403 Burkett Street, Houston 4, Texas
National Educational Association, Travel Division
1201 16th Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.
Student Travel Overseas Program
2123 Addison Street, Berkeley 4, California
Study Abroad, Inc.
250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.



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FOREIGN STUDY

Any student wishing to study abroad should consult the Institute of International Education, One East 67th Street, New York 21, N. Y., the Information and Counseling Division.

Three publications will give information about schools, fellowships and costs.

STUDY ABROAD, published by UNESCO Publications Center, 152 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y., 711 pages, \$2.

A comprehensive volume giving information on over 50,000 fellowships, scholarships and other subsidized opportunities for educational travel originating from donors and awarding agencies in more than 100 countries and territories and covering opportunities for study in practically every field of learning. Describes the operation of the international fellowship programs:

- a. application procedures
- b. types of study
- c. qualifications of candidates
- d. restrictions and obligations
- e. expenses

Printed in English, Spanish and French in a single edition. Published annually.

HANDBOOK ON INTERNATIONAL STUDY, 1955, 350 pages, \$3. Institute of International Education.

A comprehensive reference work giving information on study in the U.S. for foreign students and on study abroad for American students. (Higher education only.)

- a. student exchange and the U.S. (survey of the last 100 years)
- b. education in the U.S. for the student from abroad
- c. education abroad (in the British Commonwealth, Continental Europe, Latin America, Middle East, Far East, Africa)
- d. international study awards
- e. short-term projects in the U.S. and abroad for exchange students
- f. government regulations affecting foreign students and U.S. students
- g. organizations in the U.S. serving exchange students and visitors
- h. research in the field of international education
- i. accredited institutions of higher education in the U.S.
- j. institutions offering professional fields of study
- k. institutions accredited for teacher education
- l. foreign medical schools
- m. selection committees abroad
- n. U.S. educational commissions and foundations
- o. U.S. information centers and binational centers abroad
- p. diplomatic missions, government in-

formation and tourist offices in the U.S.

Both of these books will be found in most university and larger public libraries.

WORLD GUIDE TO SUMMER STUDY, special annual feature in *Scholastic Teacher Magazine*, 33 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y., 10 cents.

Published for the past nine years, this special feature in *Scholastic Teacher* lists:

- a. summer schools in Europe and Latin America, courses offered, dates, addresses where applications may be sent
- b. summer study tours to all parts of the world with costs

Next listing, March 8, 1957, issue.

The Institute publishes each February a listing of the summer-school opportunities in foreign universities. This may be obtained upon request.

Suggestions: Consult your advisor in your major subject before writing for information.

Graduate study in most European universities is largely based on independent research. The student is left to prepare himself adequately for the final degree examinations.

Proficiency in the language of the country is necessary. Exceptions in Stockholm and Copenhagen.

Most degrees require at least two years.

Junior year studies in a foreign university are arranged by some American schools. Consult the Institute Counseling Division for information.

Foreign schools do not usually provide application blanks. A letter with a transcript of student's college record and a photostatic copy of his degree should be sent to the university to which admission is desired. At least eight months is required for application procedure in British institutions, and this amount of time should be allowed in other countries.

Financial assistance is generally available for graduate study only. The Institute of International Education administers the Fulbright grants as well as other grants made available by foreign governments. Fulbright applications from May 1st through October for the following year. Write to Institute for information about other grants.

All students subject to call into the armed service should check with their local Service Boards for permission to leave the country.



QUESTIONS-QUESTIONS --QUESTIONS ON TRAVEL

THE COUNCIL ON STUDENT TRAVEL
ANSWERS THEM.

To travel alone or with a group—this is a basic decision you must make.

Alone: a) Have been to Europe before—know the ropes.

b) Have friends there—want to visit them.

c) Go with someone who has been there before—
or have longer time and wish to experiment on your own.

Group: a) General sight-seeing guide provided, \$900-\$1,500.

b) Bicycle and hostel trips. Itinerary limited because of distance—requires strength and good health, \$550-\$700.

c) Study tours. Special leadership—frequently direct attention to some special field of study. Credit often given—reports and papers required. \$600 up depending on amount of travel.

d) Hospitality programs. Students interested in developing close personal contacts with homes and communities. Live with family. \$700-\$800.

e) International work camps, 4 to 8 weeks. Manual labor. Many sponsored by religious organizations. \$600 up.

f) Summer schools abroad. Usually 6 weeks—often in English. \$600 up.

Many colleges and universities have travel advisors. Consult *The Council on Student Travel*. Make an effort to locate someone who has taken tour—but be sure you get authentic information. A student may actually have little perspective on what he missed.

When writing to *The Council* state:

- 1) Type of program you want
- 2) Countries you wish to visit
- 3) Date you can depart and date when you must be back
- 4) Indicate special interests—subjects, etc.
- 5) Give name of school, major subject in school and any other information that will help in referring to proper agency
- 6) How much money you can spend

The Council does *not* operate nor conduct overseas tour programs; it does *not* make travel arrangements such as transportation, hotels, etc.

It is a *referral* service—it will give you information. Ask for a *referral* questionnaire.

¹ Students planning to travel should consult *The Council on Student Travel*, 179 Broadway, New York 7, New York.

CAMPUS ROUNDUP



THE POWER OF THE PRESS

A white supremacy element at the University of Mississippi has been pestered lately by a newspaper published anonymously on the campus by students who disagree with their views on integration. The paper, aptly called *The Southern Reposeure*, is a satire on the white supremacy group's protests and arguments against the Negroes. The paper, however, levels a tongue-in-cheek attack at all Scotch-Irish. The result: belly laughs and a few hot-tempered Southern students.

According to *The Southern Reposeure*, the Scotch-Irish were never meant to live with the whites. If so, it argues, why did God put them out on that little island by themselves? The paper goes on to plead for a ban of Scotch-Irish music on "our fine Southern juke boxes" and "primitive jigs and reels on our fine Southern streets." Says one want ad: "We want a lovable Scottish servant who knows her place and will stay in it. We will treat her like one of the family and pay her \$10 a week."

Letters to the editor which appear in the newspaper quote scripture and employ pseudo-scientific arguments against the Scotch-Irish. One letter, a strongly worded protest against school integration and for Americanism, is signed by "Stanislaus Wockinski."

News items in the paper include an announcement of a "Segregation Emphasis Month."

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One argument goes: "We Southerners have tried for years to keep the 'R' sound out of our language and have tried to teach the same basic good taste to the Scottish among us. But lo and behold, they insist on pronouncing the 'R' and what's more, they do it with a roll. They are, no matter how hard we try, still barbaric."

General consensus among the white supremacy advocates on the Mississippi campus: *The Southern Reposeure* is a thorn in the side.

SORORITY FLARE-UP

When the local chapter of Sigma Kappa sorority at *Tufts University*, Massachusetts, pledged two Negro girls last spring, fireworks began. National Sigma Kappa sorority immediately removed the local chapter's charter via telegram. No explanation was given. It was stated that the annulment came "for the good of the sorority." Next, *Cornell University* lost its Sigma Kappa chapter for pledging a Negro girl.

Late in September the Massachusetts legislature organized a committee for the study of discrimination in Massachusetts fraternities and sororities. The plea immediately went up from the local groups that fraternities and sororities be allowed to settle discrimination problems within the local groups, a plea much like that of the states-righters in the South.

As yet, no decision from the legislative committee.

ADVENTURE IN THE SKIN TRADE

Playboy Magazine points out a new trend in college reading habits according to their claim that 25 per cent of their readers are collegians. The lurid journal, herald of many imitators since its beginning a little more than two years ago, is recently pushing 800,000 readers in latest circulation reports. Their goal: to pass more sedate competitor *Esquire Magazine*, long-standing leader in the "pleasure books for men."

General appeal of the magazine, according to the editors: to entertain the sophisticated college student and young man-about-town.

DING DONG SCHOOLS

Item from a West Coast college publi-

cation: "... college publications throughout the country are pointing with pride to the progress they have made in the last 25 years. ... they play a major role in the formulation of student opinion. They ... ring loudly with the sound of one of America's most valued assets, freedom of the press."

And another item: "we (college editors) have one job: to keep ourselves and the rest of America's college students thinking."

And an observation: these were the subjects most discussed in the college newspapers here on the *motive* desk during the first two months of school: freshman beanies, a statement of the ideals of the paper, long lines in the school cafeteria, long lines at registration, the purpose of being in college, friendliness, the football team.

LITTLE WHEELS ON THE CAMPUS

According to the *Bicycle Institute of America*, trade association of the bicycle industry, campus pedaling is on the upswing. Big reason: the old traffic and parking problems.

The University of Southern California recently held a bicycle week during which students rode bikes instead of cars to the campus. *Denver University's Clarion*, the campus newspaper, points out that college campuses all over are beginning to see that bikes may solve the old time and space problems on college campuses.

AND MORE PARKING PROBLEMS

In an effort to straighten out the problem of too many cars for too few parking spaces *Northwestern University* passed a ruling forbidding scholarship students to have cars on campus.

According to the *Daily Northwestern*, campus newspaper, repercussions are growing louder daily. The newspaper pointed out that the scholarship students should be the last group to have their cars ruled out. The University sees it another way. It defined automobiles as "luxuries" and so far, though the dispute rages, has honored very few of the many special requests by students to have their cars restored to them.



a very tardy bird

by Harold A. Ehrensperger

THE new theater season has opened with excursions to South Africa, to medieval France (*Saint Joan*), to contemporary England (*The Apple Cart*), and to strange and unattractive places in America (*Harbour Lights*). The South African adventure has to do with a bird called the Phalarope and with the Afrikaners who see it too late. Alan Paton's tenuous novel has been "movieized" for the stage, and most of what made it good reading is lost in the transformation.

No dramatic exercise is more certain to expose one's knowledge of technique than the feat of condensing into a play the attenuated substance of a novel. The record in this literary operation is certainly on the side of failure. This is especially true when the novel is told in narration by one character, and the situation moves as inevitably as the one in *Too Late the Phalarope*.

The inexorable law that an Afrikaner cannot have sex relations with a Negro has been sanctioned and canonized by a race situation, the violation of which brings social ostracism. The novel leads up to the breaking of the law, and then shows the terrible consequences that follow for the police officer, Pieter Van Vlaanderen. Alan Paton has told this in a translation of the Afrikaner speech that has the grandeur of biblical language. The awful force of the social taboo is epitomized in the father, Jakob, with his Bible as a symbol and his stern, uncompromising position as the dramatic force against which the son batters his life. The possibilities of good drama are all here. They do not come alive in the play.

Part of the blame can be laid to the technical looseness of the play, its many scenes and the sketchy way in which it is constructed. It seems more like a movie scenario. The producer has struggled vainly with it, rolling on and off scenes that are sometimes so short they do not register as part of the plot. It might be that the book has already been bought by the movies, and that the production on the stage is merely a

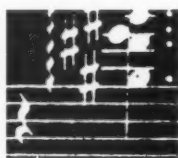
profligate gesture toward Hollywood. If this is so, it is a pity. What it does show is that movie techniques are not those of the stage. Paton's more successful novel, *Cry, the Beloved Country*, has been dramatized, and has been given performance by one semiprofessional company in churches in various parts of the United States. It is a dramatization for the stage, not for the movies. It has the dramatic intensity that is lacking in *Too Late the Phalarope* as a play.

THIS suggests many questions about the way in which movie writing and writing for the stage differ. It also lifts up the problems that arise in subject matter that can be treated in the novel form but are very difficult indeed to put into the

form of a play. Mood, feeling for a place, tradition, detailed analysis of the disintegration of a character, a mounting sense of fear—all these confound the dramatist who writes in a movie scenario technique.

Too Late the Phalarope will make a good movie, even though much that makes it an interesting novel will be lacking. A Hollywood cast may be able to create the roles more satisfactorily than is true of the present theater cast. Something in the direction, the movement, the close-ups of the faces and the intimate scenes may give the right feeling, but is not achieved by John Stix and his Company. The distance between South Africa and the United States is indeed great. Barry Sullivan never seems to be quite at home in either place. The "natives" are definitely American Negroes even when they sing South African songs. Only Finlay Currie of the cast is comfortable in his role of Jakob and it is a solid characterization he gives.

Alan Paton presented the tragedy of the Negro in *Cry, the Beloved Country*. In *Too Late the Phalarope* he shows the position of the Afrikaner. Both novels need to be read to get the complete picture. The dramatizations are at best sketchy and prove that the material they treat is more satisfactory in a novel. Whatever else the symbol of the Phalarope means, it should mean that a post-mortem is too late. The play never came alive.



by Lindsey Pherigo

MUSIC

THE LOW-PRICE LINE

The prevailing retail price for the "standard" brand 12-inch LP record is \$3.98. The market is full of cheaper records, however, and a little information may be useful in deciding whether or not they might be a good investment.

Victor's *Bluebird* records (\$2.98) are technically as good as their *Red Seal* line. The quality of performance is sometimes inferior, but there are individual *Bluebird* records that are tops (like Irving's performance of "Les Sylphides" [LBC-1078] which is better than Fiedler's more expensive one on LM-1919).

Victor's *Camden* line (\$1.98) are LP reprints of prewar 78s, and are therefore markedly inferior in sound quality. They include, however, a number of highly significant performances which have long been unobtainable (like the series including "The Art of Aksel Schiotz").

Columbia's *Entre* line (\$1.98) includes transfers from old 78s (like *Camdens*) and new high-fidelity recordings (like *Bluebirds*). Some of the older ones are true connoisseur items (like the Mengelberg performances of "Les Preludes"; RL-3039) and some new ones are among the best available at any price (like the Leinsdorf performance of the "Eroica"; RL-3069).

Plymouth records (98 cents) are mostly inferior-quality reprints (credited to imaginary artists) of the *Remington* line (\$1.98). Similarly, *Gramophone* (98 cents) and *Royale* (\$1.89) are usually identical performances, with one or both labels listing fictitious performers. In a few instances these are also issued on the *Allegro* label (officially \$5.98, but usually sold much cheaper). Very few of these performances are significant, but most are passable.

The best "cheap" records on the market today are those of the Musical Masterpiece Society (\$1.89, by mail from

Thus, the low-priced lines are usually not as good as the \$3.98 records, but the patient, informed listener will find among them quite a significant number of "best buys" that are real bargains.

A new book which is highly useful to the serious collector is *Record Ratings* (Crown, \$5.95). It is an extensive index of record reviews from 28 periodicals. A simple code records the gist of each review. An additional feature is an excellent and very useful index to performers.

Of great interest to anyone at the elementary level of music listening, either personally or on behalf of another, is a new Victor album *Getting Friendly with Music* (LM-1995; \$3.98 for two 12-inch LPs). Dave Garroway informally describes music on one record, with piano illustrations. On the other, Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" play several selections that are easy for a beginner to listen to. The performances are quite good, but not gems to be treasured. Excellent, but for novices only.

For the advanced listener Victor has issued two 'cello sonatas (by Samuel Barber and Hindemith) played by Piatigorsky (LM-2013; \$3.98). Excellent in every way.

A new Sibelius' Second Symphony by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt (Cap. P-18009; \$3.98) is an interesting performance to own, but it is not recommended as the best, if you only want one in your collection. The N.W.D.R. Orchestra plays raggedly at times, and the music itself sometimes lurches clumsily along. Koussevitsky, Ehrling, Collins, or Barbiroli (on Bluebird, not Entre) offer better versions.

Steinberg's new version of the First Symphony of Brahms (Cap. P-8340; \$3.98) is hard to match. Excellent sound and a beautiful and compelling performance put it up in the top bracket.

ables it to be carried in pocket or saddlebag. Next edition, 1957.

EUROPE ON A SHOESTRING, Harian Publications, Greenlawn, N. Y., 170 pages, \$1.50.

A guidebook on travel in Europe explaining techniques of cost cutting for the novice.

- a. the sights to see and how to do it cheaply (where to walk, which bus to take and how much it costs)
- b. the tours which give the most for your money
- c. Europe today—country by country, what it costs
- d. if you are on your own
- e. how to save money on hotels and restaurants, what to buy, tipping
- f. passports, vaccination, United States and foreign customs
- g. frontier requirements
- h. how to say it in seven European languages
- i. maps

The book does not recommend specific hotels and restaurants. Published annually.

HOW TO GET A JOB ABROAD

HOW TO GET A JOB THAT TAKES YOU TRAVELING, Harian Publications, Greenlawn, N. Y., 72 pages, \$1.

Whether you want to earn a good salary abroad or make just enough money to live and travel, this book tells how to get a job with:

- a. transportation lines
- b. adventure (in the field of explorations)
- c. service (Red Cross, missionary work, nursing, teaching, study abroad, work camps, World Health Organization, United Nations)
- d. commerce (construction work, mining and oil companies)
- e. Uncle Sam (Point Four program, departments of the U.S. Government, USO camp shows, study abroad under the Korean G.I. Bill)

Lists principal foreign consulates in the United States of 58 foreign countries from whom information on working regulations can be obtained. Reports on work opportunities in individual foreign lands and U.S. territories. Published annually.

CHRISTIAN HORIZONS, Published by the Student Volunteer Movement for Christian Missions, 257 Fourth Ave., New York 10. N. Y., 12 pages, free.

This bulletin lists opportunities for interdenominational missionary service around the world in the following fields:

- c. education
- d. evangelistic and general church work, rural church work
- e. literacy and literature
- f. medical work
- g. rural community work
- h. social group work
- i. technical and industrial work
- j. youth and student work published annually.

INFORMATION REGARDING FEDERAL JOBS OUTSIDE THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES (CSC Form 472). Published by the U.S. Civil Service Commission, Washington 25, D. C., free.

This 8-page pamphlet explains how government jobs outside the United States are filled, discusses conditions of employment, names ten government agencies which employ overseas personnel and the kinds of skills they use, and lists addresses to which inquiries may be sent.

UNITED STATES CUSTOMS HINTS,
American Automobile Assn., Interna-
tional Travel Dept., 250 Park Ave., New
York 17, N. Y., free.

A leaflet written to help persons entering the United States whether they be residents or nonresidents. Contains information all tourists need to know about declaration of purchases abroad, exemptions, what the regulations are concerning fruits, vegetables, plants, meats and pets.

TRAVEL ROUTES AROUND THE WORLD, Harian Publications, Greenlawn, N. Y., 131 pages, \$1.

A travelers' directory to passenger-carrying freighters and liners:

- a. gives length and cost of voyages from American ports to all parts of the world
- b. describes life on freighters
- c. minimum off-season North Atlantic passenger ship fares to Europe
- d. tramp services with rates
- e. services originating elsewhere than the United States and Canada, with itineraries, length of voyages and rates.

Published annually.

HOW TO TRAVEL WITHOUT BEING RICH, Harian Publications, Greenlawn, N. Y., 87 pages, \$1.50.

For the vagabond who is long on time and short on money. Each chapter deals with one of the major trade routes between key cities of the world, with a map; gives minimum fares for traversing them by land and sea. Itineraries and costs in detail. One chapter is titled, "Twenty Trips Around the World for Less Than \$1,000." Published annually.

(Continued on page 40)

BOOKS



by Roger Ortmyer

Art and Revolution

Mexico has developed a native art of strength and skill which is the envy of many larger and more sophisticated nations. Orozco, Siqueiros, and Rivera are names which art historians will probably never forget. Now exciting new names are increasingly met: Camarena, Merida and Tamayo.

Part of the excitement of Mexican art has come from its independence. It has eschewed the academic, the European, the sentimental and the traditional. When its artists turned to the past, it has been with a vigor of interpretation that has made the old new. When they have turned to the present it has been as revolutionaries.

There is the secret: The Revolution. In Mexico, The Revolution must be capitalized.

Modern Mexican art is a product of The Revolution. It has been zealous, erratic, often brutal and distorted. Sometimes it has been aimless and ill-formed, but always it has had strength and passion. It has been a new movement that was a new birth.

Bernard S. Myers' *Mexican Painting in Our Time* (Oxford University Press, \$15) is an excellent interpretation of Mexican art in relation to The Revolution. Through it is seen the influential strength of Siqueiros' pronouncement that easel painting must be abandoned in favor of the mural, that the subject matter of a painting is just as important as the style of a picture and that subjects should not be chosen simply to display the technique of the art. He wanted a monumental and heroic art. In the monumental and heroic the Mexican is unquestionably the most important in the last century.

Naturally, therefore, Mexican art has been fervently propagandistic. Such a mood is out of step with the dominant forces in modern art elsewhere, so while the work of the great Mexican artists has often been admired elsewhere, it has had little influence in other lands. Also, just as Siqueiros advocated, easel painting has been little practiced with murals and graphics getting most of the attention.

The new crop of Mexican artists shows an interest in movements in

blossom in other lands and is returning to easel painting. Whether this means that they will be lost in the current, and that the great thrust of Mexican painting has spent its force is a conjecture. Many of them show great promise. It may be that they can make something new and as exciting as their predecessors in the midst of the new life in which The Revolution is more a memory than a fact.

The Civil War

The Civil War holds a continuing and even growing fascination for Americans. It is held in our consciousness with a variety of emotions: guilt and amazement, resentment and delight, anguish and hope.

From it we believe we learn many lessons. We see how easy it is to set brother against brother, how bad counsel can lead to catastrophe, how bitterness lives on from generation to generation.

We have recently seen an amazing list of new works examining almost every phase of the Civil War. It seems impossible that the quality of new works can keep up, but somehow or other, it continues.

For instance, a new two-volume boxed set has been published by Grossett and Dunlap (\$10), *The Civil War. Volume I, The American Iliad as Told By Those Who Lived It*, is by Otto Eisenschiml and Ralph Newman, with a foreword by Bruce Catton. The second volume, *The Picture Chronicle of the Events, Leaders and Battlefields of the War*, is by Ralph Newman and E. B. Long with a foreword by Allan Nevins.

All these authors are celebrated writers on the Civil War. They have, however, in these books contributed simply the continuity; the body of the work is composed of hundreds of eyewitness accounts, newspaper reports, letters and diaries, written by privates and generals, youngsters and cabinet officers. Volume I is a skillful weaving of these accounts as the people who saw them were delighted, enraged, frustrated or amazed at what they engaged in.

The second volume, the picture story, contains many of the famous photographs taken by Mathew Brady, Alexander Gardner and G. N. Barnard.

Pictures, of course, have their own fascination. To see the picture of a battle scene reconstructs it in a way which words cannot match. The authors, however, have skillfully provided a chronicle which ties the pictures together and gives a coherent story of the war.

Reputations in the Civil War are still being made and unmade, inflated and deflated. That so much interest can be stirred up in personalities nearly a century after the event is a further witness to what the Civil War has meant to the American ethos.

In *A Different Valor*, Gilbert E. Govan and James W. Livingood (*The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc.*, \$6) have told the story of Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston, a dignified Southern gentleman who became one of the most respected generals of the Confederate armies. The dynamic of the story revolves around the conflict of General Johnston with the President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis. Certainly in this quiet narrative, Johnston comes out as the hero, and Davis as an irascible, scheming, unlikable person.

Apparently, it was Jefferson Davis whose bad feelings were so long able to cause the eclipse of the reputation of Joe Johnston.

Almost pedantically the authors have written their story. It is a testimony to the intensity of feeling that the war of nearly a hundred years ago still holds that this unassuming biography has the intense vitality that it carries.

The Life of the Party

The Omnibus of Fun by Helen and Larry Eisenberg (Association Press, \$7.95) is a huge volume designed for the recreation leader instead of the armchair reader.

The husband-wife team of the Eisenbergs has been producing useful books for recreational purposes for years. Now, building on their past experience, though they have tried to gather mostly new material, and their own work in recreational groups, camps, community centers, institutes, etc., they have produced an amazingly packed volume with suggestions for almost every occasion. The book itself is 625 pages long, and I haven't any idea how many suggestions they have. It is, therefore, particularly useful that they have provided an extensive index and bibliography.

The volume has a rather lengthy section on the meaning of fun and fellowship, and the role of the leader as he plans for different groups such as children, teens, adults, families and the handicapped. The bulk of the book, however, is on how to organize, and it gives specific suggestions for parties, banquets, money-raising projects and the materials for fun with others.

This is the kind of book which is required for persons with leadership responsibility, and for libraries of all student and youth groups, where recreation is an integral part of the program.

The Life of the Party (Hanover House, \$2.95) is a new collection of anecdotes, fables, tidbits, puns, yarns and short tall tales by raconteur-publisher Bennett Cerf.

Although the Eisenberg volume has some puns and stories, Bennett Cerf's book is designed for the arm-chair funster rather than the active leader. Some people will probably use it as source for their own after-dinner stories! This will be fatal, however, as once these stories are told by Mr. Cerf they become too common a property to risk in a speech situation.

Somehow this book does not seem to me to be as lively as earlier volumes of material collected by Mr. Cerf. Parts of it are lots of fun, others are intriguing, but I found a good deal that was just plain boring.

However, Mr. Cerf is so interesting when he is good that he can be excused a few dead spots in order to get to the really delightful material.

Faith and Fantasy

Legend, as Shalom Spiegel explains, is that which is *read into* an event by successive ages, the rereading of old times by new generations of men.

The biblical record itself has had an endless and fascinating life in legend. Folk imagination has brought a host of unforeseen fantasies to the biblical writing. The Bible, as the most widely read

book of civilization, has been meditated on by thousands over the course of the years, and oftentimes these people have read into the story elaborations of which the original writers never dreamed.

Louis Ginzberg, a fabulous Hebrew scholar, gathered, organized and translated in some seven volumes *The Legends of the Jews*. Now a special one-volume edition has been culled from his work and published under the title *Legends of the Bible* (Simon and Shuster, \$5).

These legends are a product of faith and fantasy, alive with many of the incongruities of life in relationship to great stories of the biblical narrative. Sometimes they are a bit rowdy, often fantastic, and in them the hero assumes really heroic proportions, and the evil one is evil indeed. Animals get into the act with their curious and often moralistic actions. Angels fall and Jonah goes on a sight-seeing tour within the belly of the fish.

In these legends lurk profound religious issues. They have stirred the minds of men for generations, and intrigued their imaginations. In many cases, the passion has gone out and what is left is an entertaining and delightful tale of the strife of goodness and evil, of light and darkness, of the cohorts of heaven and of hell.

It seems silly to me for Christians to ban from their reading these delightful excursions. Rather they have something fine to give, not the least of which is a lightly delightful absence of self-consciousness.

it doesn't come in a cut-glass decanter
nor is it Longer, Lower, and Faster
it's not custom-made to make
its wearer look like a Man Around Town
nor will it whisper across the snowy night,
"Ce soir?"

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to many, a little closer to the
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BERNARD D. N. GREBANIER is on the faculty of Brooklyn College (English) and a distinguished poet, story writer and anthologist. He will be remembered for the long excerpt from his as yet unpublished "The Trial" (*motive*, March '56). W. A. SPURRIER on the faculty of Wesleyan College (the original Wesleyan, that is, in Middletown, Connecticut) is the author of *Guide to the Christian Faith* and *Guide to the Good Life*. TONY STONEBURNER has contributed poetry to *motive* before. He is now on the English faculty of Kansas Wesleyan. RICHARD T. BAKER, secretary of the graduate journalism faculty, Columbia University, contributed to the first issue of *motive* back in 1941. He is author of *The Seed and the Soil* and *Trumpet of a Prophecy*. HAROLD A. EHRENSPERGER, the original editor and founder of *motive*, is now on the graduate faculty of Boston University. This special on travel is particularly in Harold's debt, for he has helped to outline the issue, procured most of the writers and done all these tasks, as guest editor, that he so well performs. DOROTHY NYLAND is student secretary with the Woman's Division of Christian Service (Methodist). BETTY THOMPSON as a member of the publicity department of the World Council of Churches lives in a nest of the world's most restless travelers, the executives of this organization that reaches into all the lands of this globe. RICHARD W. CORTWRIGHT graduated from two universities: Michigan and Indiana, plus graduate work at Hartford and Pennsylvania. He helped establish Literacy House, Allahabad, India, and was literacy team linguist in the Sudan, Pakistan and the Philippines plus 21 others! LOUIS MILES, a West Virginian, graduated from Berea College and is now a student at Boston University School of Theology. RALPH ODOM is college chaplain and head of the department of philosophy and religion at Colorado Woman's College where MARTHA is his assistant and director of religious activities. JAMESON JONES, while president of the National Conference of Methodist Youth, traveled on about every continent (he missed Anartica) and is renowned as the walking timetable. He still travels as a staff member of the Methodist Board of Education. A South Dakotan, WILLIAM D. ELLINGTON graduated from College of Puget Sound, sandwiching in an Air Force stint, and is now at Boston University. EMIL PAUL JOHN is a Methodist with the Board of Missions, at work in Austria. ALICE COBB is a member of the faculty at Nashville's Scarritt College.

A Treasury of American Folk Humor edited by James N. Tidwell (Crown Publishers, New York, \$5).

According to Mark Twain, the humorous story (as differentiated from the comic or witty) is an American phenomenon with a just claim to high artistry. The contents of this volume, culled from every facet and level of American life, more than bear him out.

Whether the story is told in rich, picture-laden drawl of a countryman or comes from the urbane pen of a James Thurber, the hundreds of items thronging the 600 pages of this Treasury are ample evidence of the American's indestructible urge to laugh—at impudence and sheer nerve, at know-how, bravado, the tall tale and the windy, colorful flights of political oratory. Here is proof that the American, be he high or low, rich or poor, ignorant or lettered, shares a national genius for adorning the vicissitudes of his life with a grin.

The stories have come from every conceivable source: from oral tradition, from newspapers and from the works of writers ranging from Bill Nye to Robert Benchley and from Irvin S. Cobb to H. Allen Smith.

—HENRY KOESTLINE

INFORMATION

(Continued from page 37)

PUBLICATIONS AVAILABLE FROM OFFICE OF
COUNCIL ON STUDENT TRAVEL
179 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

TRAVELERS' INFORMATION, 1955,
84 pages, \$1.

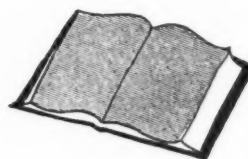
A bibliography of educational material for the orientation of travelers to Europe or the U.S., prepared by a member of the Council's staff.

- a. pamphlets, films, records and books
- b. for travelers to Europe—sources of information on language training, cultural relativity and understanding, geography, politics, economy, travel tips, "the sights," individual countries and regions.

Materials described are relatively inexpensive, readily available, concise, current and readable.

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CURRENT SCENE

BY JOAN LYON GIBBONS

"... AND THE TRUTH WILL MAKE YOU FREE."

One of the great shocks to a newcomer in Washington, D. C., is the accepted position of ghosts — ghost-writers, that is, the product of whose minds appears in public form under the label of another's name. A necessity, this system is called, resulting from otherwise-impossible demands upon the time of those elected to office. But it can be criticized as just plain dishonest.

Does the voter know, when listening to a candidate, that there's a good chance his speech was either written by his party headquarters (one of a number of "party-positions" — individual candidates please alter to suit the local conditions) or by one of his paid "ghosts"? In a number of cases, the ghost's speech is based on expressed ideas of the candidate; in some, the speech is actually written by the person who delivers it. But how are you, the public, to know whose mind you are judging?

Congressional committee hearings (copies available free from committees) are considered an excellent "window" into the minds of Congressmen as well as of Administration witnesses (such as the Secretary of State). But whether you are there in person or are reading the report, you should know better than to judge any witness solely by the statement he presents. Even in judging committee questioning and debate, the reader of a hearing should know that the committee transcript may be edited by each participant (or his ghost), and fuzzy thinking made to read as an informed statement. Much remains as originally recorded, but how, less present, can you be sure? Congressional debates (reported daily in the Congressional Record) are subject to the same ghost-thinking, and the same postdebate alterations.

When you read an article written by your Congressman, Administrative Officer, or even President — or when he personally answers your letter — be aware that you are likely reading the words of an institution, not those of the designated individual. The explanation given is always that it would be impossible for one individual personally to write all requested articles and answer all letters addressed to him. And often he at least reads over the article or letter going forth in his name, and may personally sign the letter. (There are mechanically operated typewriters, though, which give that "personally hammered-out" appearance to each letter — and there's a clever machine which can exactly duplicate, in real ink, any desired signature.)

However explained, dishonesty is still dishonesty, and pretense is pretense. Perhaps the time has come for frank acceptance of the fact that one individual simply cannot personally perform all the duties demanded of his office, that some must be delegated to the institution or group which surrounds him. Beyond this, there seem two solutions open, with the former gaining at present: 1) That the people at large slowly become aware of all the varieties of ghosts in high places; 2) That the informed public demand an end to pretense. When a public speech or committee statement is given, the speaker should either make it clear that he is speaking as an institution, or pour forth (preferably not from a tele-prompter) the words which come from his personal knowledge and convictions. Transcripts of committee hearings and congressional debate should be printed as originally recorded. When time prohibits the personal writing of a requested article or answering of a letter, the writer should sign his own name, "for Senator or Representative —," or "from the office of Secretary or President —." The elected official still would bear responsibility for that which goes out in his name (taking credit or blame for his choice of assistants), but no longer claim individual recognition for the product itself.

In this season of thanksgiving for the birth of one who manifested and appealed for truth, surely it is appropriate to question the place of pretense in God's earthly kingdom.

